



## THE NUTSHELL STORY CLUB

### PRIZE WINNERS FOR APRIL.

May Phillips Tatro, First Prize.  
Mrs. Bernie Babcock, Second Prize.  
Zack Z. Zoxy, Third Prize.  
Virginia Mary Ring, Fourth Prize.

### IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

The following conditions will hereafter govern the awarding of cash prizes for Nutshe Storys, and the manuscripts of such writers only as have complied with all these requirements will receive consideration.

All the necessary particulars being here clearly set forth, it will be useless for anyone to seek further information or personal favors by addressing the editor, as such letters cannot be answered.

1. Only persons who are regular yearly subscribers to "Comfort" and who send with every manuscript at least two new yearly subscribers (together with 25 cents for each subscriber so sent) may compete for the prizes.

2. All contributions must have the number of words they contain plainly noted thereon in addition to the writer's full name and address with nom de plume if desired; must be written on one side of the paper only, addressed to EDITOR NUTSHELL STORY CLUB care of COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

3. All stories must be strictly original with the contributors who may write upon any subject, whether based upon fact, fancy or fiction—of adventure, love, war, peace; of city or country life, or of experiences on land or sea—but no story must contain more than 1,500 or less than 1,000 words.

4. NO MANUSCRIPT WILL BE RETURNED UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES AND COMPETITORS SHOULD THEREFORE RETAIN A COPY OF WHAT THEY SEND.

5. The writer of the best original story will receive \$30 cash; of the second best, \$25 cash; of the third best, \$20 cash and of the fourth best, \$15 cash. Remittances will be made by check as soon as awards have been made.

The publishers of "Comfort" reserve the right to purchase at their established rates any stories submitted under the foregoing offer, which failed to secure a prize.

### STRAY.

BY MAY PHILLIPS TATRO.

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**E**NGINEER FRANK BIXBEY found him one cold morning in December, as he was hurrying along the platform to mount his cab, ready for the North run. Poor little shivering, whining puppy! He had either wandered away from his home, or been left purposely by some one who did not want him, and who took this method of getting rid of him.

But, be that as it may, Engineer Frank's big, soft heart was touched by the little helpless thing, and without pausing to give the matter a moment's thought, picked the dog up in his arms, and stepped into the cab. A moment or two later, the engine started on its north-bound run, and a cunning little curly dog lay snug and warm, fast asleep on part of Frank's leather-cushioned seat—dreaming, no doubt, of the time when he would be large enough to whip some other dog.

As the train slowed up, preparatory to stopping at the first station North, Stray, as Frank had named him, awakened and made lively manifestations of being hungry. So when the train stopped, Frank left the engine in charge of his fireman, there being no switching to do, and walked along the platform in search of some "small boy" who, if well rewarded, would go and get



STRAY SUCCEEDED IN DRAGGING SOMETHING WHITE FROM THE TRACK.

And such a favorite as Stray was with all the train men and agents along the line! When the train stopped at a station, he was the first off to greet old friends, and make new ones.

He never got lost, either. He understood perfectly when the conductor called "All aboard," and did not wait for a second warning. He would rush for the engine and spring into the cab, standing where he could look out, and wagging his tail—his way of saying "Good-bye" to those on the platform, as long as he could see anybody.

When Stray and his master made their run after dark, Stray always seemed a little uneasy, and would sit either on Frank's lap or on the seat next to the cab window, and gaze very keenly and earnestly out into the night. If it was particularly dark he would whine now and then, and look from the blackness outside into his master's face in an inquiring way, as though asking if he thought it was all right.

One of those dark nights, when the East-bound passenger train had been delayed and the North train had received orders to wait for it, Stray was unusually nervous and fidgety after they finally started homeward. It was in June, when Stray was two years old, and the night was moonless and cloudy. The track, within two miles of Greenfield, the terminus of the road, where Frank's Bess and

some milk for "the assistant engineer," as the train boys had already dubbed his canine pet.

"I'll take him to Baby Bess," thought Frank, as his touch on the lever started the train on its Northward way again. Bess was four years old, and her delight at this new and very frisky acquisition to the little family of three, can better be imagined than described. But when Frank started the next morning for his daily run, trouble and many bitter tears were in store for little Bess. The dog would not be left behind. His whining and howls of anguish were too much for both Frank and his wife, and in spite of Bess's sobs and lamentations, off went happy Stray as fast as his fat little legs could carry him, which was not quite fast enough to keep pace with his master's long strides. So he had to be carried night and morning for a month or more, until he grew large enough to convey himself to the waiting cab. It was amusing to see him express his joy, mornings, when he caught sight of the engine. He would run around it, and caper and bark, looking up at the great iron monster as much as to say, "You and your master were my first and only friends, and I'm proud and overjoyed to see you again this morning." Then he would leap into the cab, give a wise look around to see that everything was all right, jump up on the seat, and sit there as grave and sober as a judge and no one could coax or drive him down until Frank was ready to start.

Slowly the long train came to a standstill, just as Stray, with the most vigorous efforts, had succeeded in dragging from the track something white—something that sat up and was crying when Frank, who had jumped from the cab, reached the spot and took it up in his arms.

*It was Bess!*

The child had wandered away "to meet papa," as she said, and becoming tired, had laid down on the track and fallen asleep. Her mother had missed her about three o'clock in the afternoon, and had aroused the neighbors, who were hunting in every direction except the right one.

Wise Stray; what prompted his unusual watchfulness and vigilance on that particular night? And how could his gentle brown eyes see any farther or penetrate the darkness more keenly than those of his master, who was gazing straight ahead, his eyes fixed continually on the track? Yet the latter did not see the white garments of the child, although he knew when Stray jumped from the cab, there was something to stop for.

Stray was rechristened, and the trainmen bought him a gold collar with "Hero" engraved upon it in large letters. And you may be sure that Engineer Frank Bixbey was never sorry he took pity on a stray puppy.

Hero still rides in the cab on his beloved engine, and enjoys all his honors and privileges to the fullest extent, while his proud master is duly grateful for the rescue of his only child by one of God's dumb creatures.

### DR. JAKE MANNERS.

BY MRS. BERNIE BABCOCK.

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THE first place, my husband traveled, and I was alone most of the time. In the second place, I had a croupy baby; and in the third place, just before going to bed on the night of which I write, I had noticed in the evening paper a paragraph stating that a man, an inmate of the State Lunatic Asylum, situated a few miles of the city, had made his escape.

I had hardly touched my pillow that night when I fell asleep and slept soundly for some time, when imagining I heard my baby I suddenly awoke.

The baby was all right, but I was surprised to see the door leading from my room into the parlor, which I remembered distinctly having opened before going to bed, closed.

Through the crack under the door a bright light shone, and I could smell the fumes of tobacco smoke.

I slipped on my wrapper and went softly toward the parlor door. When I opened it I saw a sight which made my heart beat faster than the rattling in my baby's throat had ever done.

The lamp was burning brightly on the table. I think nothing escaped my observation. Seated in an easy chair with his elbows resting on the table was a man. I can see him yet as he turned his face. I think I never saw a handsomer one.

He was large and well formed, with gray hair and beard, and large brown eyes. His face wore a kindly expression, and I think if I had met him under different circumstances I would have been charmed with him.

He was smoking a pipe and reading a paper. Within reach of his hand on the table gleamed a razor blade.

How could he have entered the house? I glanced toward the front door and knew. The spring lock was turned off, as I had fastened it before going out that afternoon.

By the time these things had flashed across my mind he had become aware of my presence, and turned towards me.

"Who are you and what are you doing in my house?" I demanded, in as firm a voice as I could command.

"I am Doctor Jake Manners," said he pleasantly. "You have a croupy baby and I have come to cure it. The treatment is very simple, and if I succeed, (as I know I shall) the operation will make me famous."

"You see," picking up the razor, "when the head is full of cold and the throat full of phlegm, there is no way for the air to reach the lungs. Now if, the windpipe were opened so that the air might reach it from the outside, the patient would find immediate relief."

He drew his finger around his throat, almost from ear to ear, as he spoke.

"But that would kill the baby," I gasped.

"No, no, madam—no danger, and I must try."

Then I knew by the strange glitter that came into his eye what manner of man I had to deal with, so I said as composedly as possible:

"Perhaps it is as you say; in fact, I think your plan is a good one, but you are in no hurry, are you?"

"Oh no," said he, again speaking pleasantly.

"The baby is sleeping quietly now, I will wait until it has a choking spell." (I could only pray she would not have one and try to think of some means of escape.)

I went into my room and looked at my watch. It was half-past eleven. There was no chance of anyone coming in at that hour.

I must go for some one.

I wondered if he would let me out, and if he should, whether he would sit quietly reading after I had gone. My only chance lay in getting help, as I was sure the baby would have a restless spell before morning.

"Doctor," said I, entering the room again, "I think your plan is a most admirable one, and I



"BUT THAT WOULD KILL THE BABY," I GASPED. I am convinced that your treatment of my child's throat will greatly relieve her; but I am wholly unprepared for the operation. If you will excuse me just a moment I will step to the next door and ask for the use of a roll of linen and cloths to absorb the blood."

He looked at me suspiciously a moment, but

## COMFORT.

evidently could detect nothing in my words or looks that would lead him to suppose I did not mean what I said, so he bade me go and hurry back.

I did not need this warning. After taking the back door key, to be used in case he locked the front door after me, I did hurry. I think I flew rather than ran as soon as I got outside the gate, for I did not know what he might be doing even then.

I had no difficulty in rousing my neighbors. The door was only partly opened, but I bolted in, shutting it behind me.

You can imagine their surprise—the wife in bed, the husband standing behind the door in his night-clothes.

It makes me laugh now to think of it, but it was no laughing matter then.

I hardly waited to catch my breath before I told them my home and baby were in possession of a madman, and begged them for heaven's sake to help me.

Before I had finished telling them this I heard my baby scream.

My blood froze in my veins. Could it be that the darling had wakened and called for "mama" and that he had gone to it with that glittering razor?

I sprang up—I was in bed. There sat my baby beside me crying for water. I gave her a drink; then I rubbed my eyes and looked around—toward the door going into the parlor. It was open as I had left it.

I got out of bed, turned up the light and went into the parlor.

The lamp was out. The chair was gone from the table side. The razor and paper had also disappeared.

I tried the front door. It was securely bolted. I sniffed the air for the scent of tobacco smoke but could detect none.

I glanced into each of the four corners of the room, but no man was hiding there.

Dr. Jake Manners had disappeared as mysteriously as he had come.

## Black Miguel's Conversion.

By ZACK Z. ZOZZY.

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COOLEST man I ever saw I met in one of the low saloons of Santa Fe, some twenty years ago. I shudder even now when I recall the deed I saw him do and think of the manner in which he did it.

The hour was near midnight. The saloon was crowded with rough men; brawny, fine-looking fellows, but with passions almost as fierce and untamed as Bengal tigers. The air was thick with the fumes of tobacco and heavy with the odors of stale liquor. The lamps shone red through the murky atmosphere and but dimly lighted the features of the men seated in the far corners of the room. There was the chink, chink of glasses and the gurgling sounds of flowing liquor, as the fiery fluids of the bar were poured down hot throats to kindle the hot blood of these passionate men.

Before the bar, with one elbow leaning lightly upon the rude counter, slowly sipping a glass of whiskey, stood a tall, broad-shouldered man. I knew the man at a glance. The lion's mane of long coal-black hair falling gracefully over the shoulders, the piercing black eyes that somehow always made me think of the eyes of the deadly cobra, the dark handsome face, the tall athletic frame. Yes, I knew them well and I, in common with every other man and woman in Santa Fe, knew that their presence boded death to someone, just as surely as though a hungry tiger prowled about the streets of the city.

Black Miguel, for thus was the man at the bar called, set the emptied glass down. "Fill 'er up again," he commanded and the bar-keeper made haste to obey. Then lifting the glass high in his left hand, while his right toyed suggestively with the butt of one of his revolvers, he summoned every man in the room to drink to his health and long life.

The bronzed and bearded men crowded quickly forward. The glasses were filled; but before they were lifted to the lips Black Miguel glanced about to see if all had obeyed his command. Every occupant of the room stood at the bar, glass in hand, save one, and he, mere youth with the bloom of roses on his cheeks, sat near one of the lamps quietly reading a letter.

My heart jumped to my throat at the sight. He looked so innocent and seemed so totally unaware of his danger, of what it meant to offend such a man as Black Miguel.

The glint in Black Miguel's eyes brightened when he caught sight of the youth and his dark cheeks flushed. In a voice of thunder he repeated his command, while his right hand half drew the revolver from his belt.

I wondered at his giving the command again. It was his custom to let his revolver speak for him the second time.

The youth lifted his eyes from off his letter just long enough to say quietly: "Thank you, sir. I never drink intoxicating liquors," and then, as quietly, he resumed his reading.

Such an answer the bravest man in the room, and as brave men as ever lived were there, would not have cared to make. Yet not a rose changed its tint in the youth's fair cheeks, and he seemed utterly unconscious of the mortal affront contained in his refusal to drink to the health and long life of the man at the bar.

I saw Black Miguel's face pale and I knew by the wicked look in his eyes that the reply of the boy, for he looked but little more than a boy, had aroused the sleeping devil within him.

He lowered the glass of whiskey, but still holding it in his hand and drawing his revolver, strode across the room to the side of the boy.

Not a man offered to interfere, though many a rough hand besides my own crept close to the butt of a revolver. I think all felt, as I felt, that the lad could not be so mad as to refuse second invitation to drink. For never yet had a man attempted to thwart Black Miguel and live.

The youth laid his letter down and, shifting slightly his position, turned the blue of his eyes full upon Black Miguel. Otherwise, none would have supposed from his looks or acts that the doings of the man concerned him in the least.

"Will yer 'swall'r this liker; or will yer wait tu drink of th' devil's brewin' when yer git tu hell?" Black Miguel said, extending the glass and holding the cocked pistol within six inches of the youth's head.



The boy made a feint with his left hand, as if to take the glass, then, with a movement quick as lightning, he struck the pistol upward and bounding to his feet, his right arm shot forth, straight from the shoulder, and landed with terrific force upon

"Why, not Gen. Washington?" "The same. He and father were army-comrades, and when the Revolution closed he gave those shoe-buckles to father as a friendly token."

"But what became of your brother, Grandma?" I asked.

"We never heard from him again," said Grandma, with a sigh. "Mother was sternly unforgiving, and never allowed his name to be spoken. Perhaps he died soon after; or maybe he lived to be an old man. That was seventy-two years ago, and I've not got over it yet."

"Do you suppose he sold the buckles?" said Lenore.

"Oh, I don't know, dearie. He was a sad, sad lad, I fear, but it seems to me that he had enough family pride to make him keep the buckles, unless he was in a very bitter strait; but one can't tell," and Grandma fell into a retrospect, which at last Lenore broke:

"Grandma, can you describe those famous buckles?"

"The buckles?" said Grandma, starting up. "Oh, they were beautiful ones. Three inches wide, and an inch and a half the other way. Across the top were the letters, in tiny diamonds, 'W. to H.'—Washington to Haven. The lower half was set with very queer stones, of many tints, not clear, like diamonds, but sort o' milky. I've never seen any other gems like them. They came from India. The buckles themselves were of purest silver," and Grandma leaned back in her chair with such a far-away look in her eyes, that we didn't disturb her again, but sat in the ruddy glow of the firelight talking in low tones of the famous buckles, and guessing at their whereabouts.

Five months later Lenore was visiting a school friend, and I was at home, when one day I received the following astonishing letter from her.

"My sweetest Dorothy:

"I've Great-Grandpa Haven's far-famed shoe-buckles! It was at a fancy-dress ball, and I had been in the ball-room but a short time, when I observed some queer shining ornaments on the shoulders of a girl robed in 'ye ancient gown.' On getting near enough to examine them, I saw, lo! the very buckles of Washington renown! I knew them at once! I went to the young lady, and excusing myself, explained my great interest in her shoulder ornaments. She fell in with my excitement at once, and told me her brother had bought them for her at a quaint little shop on a side street. She was so interested in my story that she herself went with me the next morning to the shop in question, and we besieged the proprietor. 'Yes, indeed,' he said, he remembered how he came into possession of the buckles. A young girl, very shabbily dressed, had brought them to him to sell over a year ago. The understanding was, that he should keep them out of sight of his customers for four months, and give her a chance to buy them back. If she didn't return during that time, he was to dispose of them as he chose. And so a couple of weeks previous he had sold them to the young lady's brother. No, he knew nothing of the girl's whereabouts; he'd never seen her since.

"Disappointed, we left; after his promising to let me know at once, if by any chance he should run across her. Three days later, I got a note from him saying the girl had called, with a faint hope that he might still have the buckles. He told her they were gone, but he knew where, and appointed the next day but one for her return. We were on hand, and oh, Dorothy! the girl was no other than Grand-Uncle Guy's Grand-daughter! Her name is Susie Lawrence, and her mother was Guy Haven's only daughter. She is very poor, and her parents are both dead, and for five years she had been in a clothing-house, working for the merest pittance. I didn't even wait to hear from Papa, but took her with me at once, and as soon as Papa got my letter, he came on, and says she is to live with us always. Next week we are going to Grandma Lee's, and then I can go into details.

Very lovingly, LENORE L. PARKER.

Well, we all assembled at Grandma's, and all fell in love with gentle Susie Lawrence. Altogether, Lenore and I can never be glad enough, that we found Great-Grandfather Haven's will, and heard the story of the far-famed shoe-buckles.

## AN OFFER OF \$5,000.

In response to many letters in regard to the prizes offered by COMFORT for short stories, some of which are inclined to throw doubt upon the fact that such prices are freely paid, we wish to state that every offer made in this paper is genuine and is honestly carried out. We will pay \$5,000 to anyone who can prove the contrary. It must be remembered that thousands of people are competing for these prizes, so it is not a matter for surprise that many subscribers are out of the million and a quarter who receive COMFORT regularly should be disappointed and should not personally know the prize winners. Many subscribers have been made suspicious of such offers by discovering that similar offers from other concerns are bogus. COMFORT is not in that class.



TO MYNE dearely beloved daughter Elizabeth I do hereby by Requeathee, in addition to what I have already given Her, my far-famed Shoe-Buckles, the same that be sett with the curious jewels."

Cousin Lenore and I sat on the floor of Grandmother Lee's garret, with Great-Grandfather Haven's will before us. We had discovered it amongst a lot of letters and documents of a by-gone age in an old trunk pushed away back under the eaves.

"Where do you suppose those 'far-famed shoe-buckles' are now?" asked Lenore, with a laugh.

"And who was 'my daughter Elizabeth'?" I answered, Yankee-fashion.

"Oh, some dead and gone female. Why not Dorothy? Grandma Lee's name is Elizabeth!"

"Why, of course! How stupid of us! I'll wager there's a story connected with those shoe-buckles. Let's ask Grandma to tell it to us."

No sooner said than done, for what could be nicer on a rainy day in the country than a tale of Grandma's girlhood.

Down the garret stairs we flew, and burst into the sitting-room, startling Grandma from her placid doze.

"Well, lassies, what now?"

"Oh Grandma, we want—" (from Lenore), "to know—" (from me), "the story of—" (broke in Len, both together), "Great-Grandpa's shoe-buckles!"

For a moment Grandma looked dazed, so we laughingly quieted down, and I explained how we'd found her father's will, and asked her to tell us about the shoe-buckles he had left her.

"Well, well, lassies, dearie me! how time does go, to be sure! Why, my dearies, those buckles I'd forgotten all about; still they were connected with the one great sorrow of my childhood." Grandma wiped her spectacles, and went on, "You probably never heard tell of my brother Guy? No?" as we shook our heads. "Well, he was my idol, but I suppose he was a wild ungovernable lad. Father was too stern, and mother too severe, and they made no allowance for Guy's excitable nature. While father lived, he kept him under certain restraint, but after his death, Guy went loose. In the first place, father left the bulk of his property to me, indubitably, while the bare pittance he left Guy was to be held by mother 'till Guy was twenty-three. Being two years older than I, Guy naturally took it hard, and when I was only fifteen, two years after father's death, he broke my heart by running away, taking with him a large sum of ready money, and the famous shoe-

bucksles."



COUSIN LENORE AND I SAT ON THE FLOOR WITH GREAT-GRANDFATHER HAVEN'S WILL BEFORE US.

"Why famous, Grandma?" asked Lenore.

"Well, on account of their value for one thing, and because they were given to your Great-Grandfather by his friend Washington."

## HOW DO YOU DO

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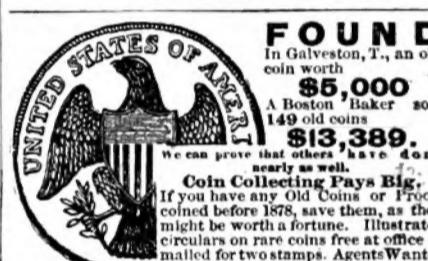
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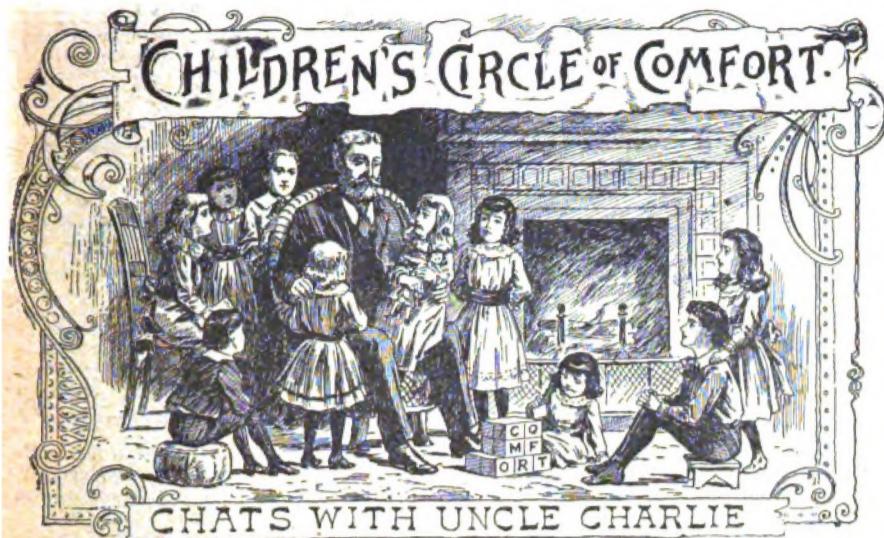
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## CHATS WITH UNCLE CHARLIE

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OR ages perhaps the most interesting things about Easter month are the festive celebrations. Children, however, care most for the games, many of which are of Pagan origin—old, old games. Eggs enter largely into Easter rites, and the reason for this is that the egg is the emblem of future life and the resurrection. Games are played with the colored Easter eggs by striking them against one another, and by pricking them—the latter being somewhat out of date since the introduction of china eggs. For the love of a joke, boys used to obtain these china eggs and deceive their companions when they tried to prick them.

Children, don't forget the poor; you can afford to give away an egg or two to those who can't afford such luxuries. How glad one of COMFORT's editors must have been to fill so many hearts with joy at a kindergarten Easter festival, of which he told you in the March number. Easter is the time to open your hearts a bit wider than usual.

About 2,500 years ago the Pagans had a goddess called Ostara or Eostre, which means the morning of the East, and to them the springtime was the beginning of the year. Old customs which those rude people enjoyed, became the customs of the civilized world. At all events it is well for us that religious ideas are so plentiful, because it makes people better and Easter is always a reminder of the pleasant Easters of the past. So we venerate the customs of our fathers.

## ALL FOOL'S DAY.

AS I told you, children, last month, the first day of April has always been all fool's day and the reason was given also. But don't take too much advantage of the day, don't make enemies by too severe joking. No hot horse-shoes for unsuspecting men to burn their hand with, nor bricks covered over by hats, for people to kick. If you tie thread to pennies conceal the thread, for on April 1st, eyes are usually wide open and the thread may be stepped on and the penny picked up. Don't put a big sign on a man's back with "For Sale" on it—it makes him angry; you would not like it. There are lots of ways to fool folks, all harmless. Try those which you would like, or not dislike, if tried on you.

What a puzzle? Well, here is a capital one, old, but good. It is called

## TANGLED SCISSORS.

THE idea is to take a heavy cord and fasten it to the scissors, as in the picture. Both ends must be held by you, Mary, while I disentangle, or release the scissors, without your letting go of the cord ends. You can do it, if you try. It puzzles old heads, so you must be very patient.

But this month I will not give you any more puzzles, or games. Instead, I will tell you a story, a story of myself, and what happened to me, and what I saw, last spring, when I went forth into the fields to make pictures of Nature, just as she woke from the sleep of winter.

How few know the trials of an artist! In Europe, where art is old and artists are recognized and respected, the sight of one of them, sketching in the fields, on the road-side, in the streets, on the beach, or anywhere, is a common thing and calls for no comment from the passer-by. But in some parts of this country an artist is a strange creature, a curiosity that does nothing for a living.

Often he sets up his easel and umbrella in a field and commences to paint, when suddenly, down comes the farmer who informs him that "he don't want his rocks or fences cluttered up with advertisements of pills and medicines," and the artist sometimes has hard work in making him believe that such an idea never entered his head, and that he would be the last person in the world to do such a thing. And the next pasture he enters, may be driven out by a big dog.

But I think the people nowadays are getting more used to artists and one has less trouble than formerly. To those who are obliged to be pent up in studios all winter, the coming of spring is welcomed with delight, and early in the season they roam afield, to catch the colors of the spring grass and foliage.

Did you ever think, children, what a beautiful color the young grass really has?

Well, I started at early morning, and found a fine place in a pasture, where there were some stone walls, a long stretch of ground and hills in the distance. I set up my easel, and as the sun was hot I put up my umbrella, which has a long handle with a pointed end which sticks in the ground. When I got my paints all ready, the canvas on the easel and the view I wanted well fixed in my eye, I commenced to make a oil or charcoal outline of the scene. No

sooner had I started the drawing and was getting down to earnest work when up jumped a goat on a rock a dozen yards from me. I knew enough to let the creature stay where he was, until he should understand that I had no evil designs on him, and after a while he went away into the fields near the stone walls, and once in a while I could see his head above the stone wall, looking at me. So on I worked through the day, stopping at noon for a hasty lunch, but all absorbed in my task, and anxious to complete it before the sun declined or came near the hills. I was not conscious of the approach of an uninvited guest, who had crept up behind me. I did not hear his step, nor did he give me the least idea that he was intending to be neighborly, until I heard a low, deep bellow that made my hair stand on end for a second. I quickly turned about and there saw, a hundred feet away, a great bull. He was pawing the earth and lowering his head in such a way that I felt he meant business. And true enough he did, for the moment my eyes caught him, he dashed forward with a terrible roar. So sudden was the whole affair that I scarce knew



what to do, and in my confusion I grabbed my umbrella, as my only protection, and away I scooted for the stone wall, with Mr. Bull in hot pursuit. Owing to the fact that I had long legs, and the wall was not far distant, I eluded the onslaught of the bull and stood safe on the other side of the wall. He eyed me savagely for a time, and then strolled off. After a while, I went back to my work. A half-hour went by and I had soon made up for lost time. It was now three o'clock and I was more than three-quarters through. I calculated that I could finish it by four, if nothing interfered with me, and while so meditating, and meanwhile mixing upon my palette some more paint, I did not notice a change in the landscape. Upon raising my eyes there stood about fifty yards away, a row of cows, just appearing above a

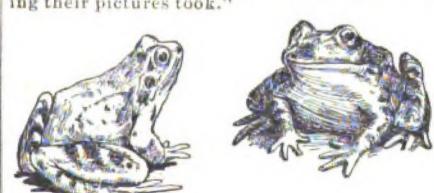


rise in the field. After assuring myself that Mr. Bull was not one of the visitors, I settled down to work again, for cows and I are good friends and they never molest me.

In less than half an hour these curious cows were nibbling the short new grass all around me, and so gentle were they that I, once in a while, stopped in my work, to chat with them. There were two very small ones who seemed especially interested in my movements.



The sun was getting down behind the hills, and I could hear the frogs in a little pond not far away setting up their late afternoon music. And as I wanted a study of these chaps, I ventured over by the water, and gave them my ear as an audience. I stood there ten minutes before any one of them appeared, and as I was ready with my brush I just managed to sketch in their outlines, not caring for color or details. They seemed glad to see me, for they blinked, and gazed in silent admiration at me; possibly they thought it very fine, that they were "having their pictures took."



When I went back to my easel I saw a queer little man, in the act of jumping over the stone wall. As he advanced towards me, I kept at work putting away my paints, fixing and folding up my easel and umbrella, and paid no attention to the stranger. My sketch lay on the

grass and in a moment or two the little man stood beside it looking at it, and then at the scene which I had been studying all day. At last he remarked, "I am the village divine and am fond of Nature. I think your picture excellent, and very cleverly done. I hope when you are in this neighborhood again you will call at the parsonage. I would like to show you my own work in that line."

This to me, was a very delightful ending of my first spring sketching trip last year, and I thanked the queer, but bright little man for his goodness. So we walked and talked way to the depot, where we parted the best of friends.

And by the time he reached home even Uncle Charlie was ready to go to bed, and—children, look at the clock! Off with you all, then, to Slumberland. Good-night, my dears,

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BY ELIZABETH SARGENT CURTIS.

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DOES not look much like Spring just this minute in the North, at all events, but it will be but a few days before the snow will begin to give way to the sun, there will be the twitter of returning birds, and the air will, as the children say, "smell of Spring."

Who does not know that delightful earthy odor? It is one of the most grateful of perfumes, for it is full of the promise of sunshine and warmth and revivification.

Those of you who have homes in the South and on the Pacific slope have no idea of what the first whiff of ground smell means to those who live in the North where the snow covers the ground for months at a time every year.

It means freedom from an icy bondage; the cheerful sight "of green things growing" in places that have been buried in snow drifts for weeks; it means new life.

To the housekeeper the early spring days are busy ones.

There is so much to do to clear away after the winter and get herself and her house ready for the hot weather that

will come in a short time.

Spring cleaning means something more than the mere washing of paint and windows and putting away of winter clothing; it means the sanitary cleaning of every part of the house, of which, by the way, the cellar is the starting point, and also the most important.

The first work of the Spring for the careful housewife should be the thorough cleansing and clearing of her cellar.

Just as early as may be the banking which has been put up for winter protection should be taken down, the windows thrown open during the mid-day, and, so far as possible, everything removed.

The walls should be carefully brushed down, and the floor swept.

It is a good thing to whitewash the walls every Spring, as the lime will act as a disinfectant and destroy any germs which may have found lodgment there.

Even if there has been no illness in the family this should be done, and more especially if vegetables have been kept in the cellar, for there is nothing in nature which will give out poison germs as readily as over-ripe or decaying vegetables.

Physicians say that in the times when these things were not so well understood as they now are, many cases of Spring sickness, and of fevers were, no doubt, traceable directly to the cellars of the houses.

For, you see, wise and old as the world thinks it is, it is only just now learning the alphabet of sanitary science.

Yet so important is this new science considered, especially for women, that most of the girl's colleges are establishing chairs of domestic science. And in at least one girl's preparatory school, the Lasell Seminary at Auburn-dale, Massachusetts, sanitary housekeeping is regularly taught.

I know that a great many people are very sceptical regarding the practical use of such study, claiming that it cannot be taught, only learned by experience.

Now I want to give you an illustration of the extreme practicability of this new branch of school work.

A wealthy gentleman built a magnificent house on Commonwealth Avenue, the finest street in Boston. When the family moved in it was discovered that there was something the matter with the drainage.

It was provoking, for the most modern appliances had been used in plumbing, and no expense had been spared. The young daughter of the house had been a pupil at Lasell. She had taken great interest in the sanitary work of her class, and had been a careful and enthusiastic student. Without calling in any outside aid, she made the necessary examinations, applied the proper tests, and discovered where the trouble lay, and was able to direct the needed alterations.

Her father was the proudest man in Boston, and he considered his daughter's achievement most remarkable, and indeed it was.

It is coming to be conceded every day that women should be well up in sanitary knowledge, since the care of the home and its inmates devolves so much upon them. And no woman can afford to be ignorant of the subject.

The Society for Home Study whose headquarters are in Boston, with students all over the country, makes this one of its prominent branches, and its examinations are most thorough and exhaustive. It is one of the cases which proves the truth the adage that "An

ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." The kind of knowledge which will keep sickness and disease at a distance is as valuable as that which knows how to cope with it when it does appear, and this is what is taught.

In the light of present conditions housekeeping is advanced to the dignity of a profession, and one, too, which requires both brains and judgment. It cannot be lightly regarded, as of little account, it comes too near the vital life of every human being. The happiness or misery of all humanity is bound up in it.

Does it seem absurd to think of cleaning a cellar on a scientific basis?

I don't believe it will when you stop and consider it seriously.

I want to emphasize again what I already have said many times, and that is that the elder house-mothers

of COMFORT must bear with me if I very often say things which they know perfectly well, and remember that in this large family of ours, which is scattered from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, yes and even outside these limits, there are thousands of young wives who are just beginning the family life, and to whom all which is so familiar to us older ones is new. Direction is what these young women need, and I only hope I may be able to give it to them.

I want just here to say something about judgment, a sort of abstraction of which some housekeepers talk a great deal.

There is nothing so exasperating and so hopeless as to have anyone reply in answer to some question which calls for an arbitrary answer: "Oh, use your judgment."

If the questioner had possessed the knowledge which would have made judgment possible, she would not have asked the question. She would not have been compelled to do so.

Judgment is knowledge born of experience.

If a person has had no experience, she can have no judgment, certainly not in cooking.

No doubt you have all heard of the woman who was praised for a certain kind of cake which she made remarkably well, and was asked for the rule.

"Well," she said, "I take butter and sugar—

"How much?" was the query.

"Well, I don't just know, what I think I will need. I use my judgment. Then I take eggs—"

"But how many?"

"Oh, I can't say, I use my judgment. Sometimes the eggs are little, and sometimes they are big. When they're little I use more, and when they're big I don't use so many. It's all accordin'."

"Do you mean to say you don't have any rule?"

"Well yes, I suppose I have one but I use my judgment."

What if the novice tried to follow these directions. Where would she and her cake come out?

After all the only safe road to absolute success is positive accuracy. Have a rule and follow it exactly. Make it arbitrary. If things don't come right then it is the fault of the rule and not your own.

But there is little to fear if you are exact.

There is one very important fact to be remembered, however, and that is, that there must be an absolute scale of measurements. Most rules for cake making, for instance, use the cup as a standard of measures of quantity.

To the novice in cooking a cup is a cup, whether it is a large coffee cup, or a small after-dinner cup, or any thing between.

The standard cup is one which holds half a pint. Remembering that, the young housekeeper will have no trouble with the proportions of her rule.

The safest thing is to have a measuring cup such as is illustrated here. This is made to hold exactly half a pint, and is sub-divided into half, quarters and thirds. So standard has this cup become that it is now kept on sale at all the kitchen furnishing houses, and costs but a few cents.

Every housekeeper should have one, as she will find it so much easier to obtain accurate measurement, especially in fractional portions.

And while I am on the subject of kitchen furnishings, I want to speak a word about the utensils for mixing, especially batters and doughs.

In the first place they should always be mixed in earthenware, and never in metal. The best mixing bowls are those which have a lip at one side out of which the batter can be poured. These come both in white and yellow ware, and do not cost any more than the plain heavy bowls without the lip.

Then the mixing should always be done with a wooden spoon. No metal should be allowed to touch a batter. Every kitchen should have a set of wooden spoons, of assorted sizes, some of which should be plain, others perforated.

The plain spoons may be used for general purposes, while the perforated ones are

best to use in mixing cake batters. They admit the air, and make it light much more quickly than the ordinary spoon.

Of course all housekeepers have an egg-beater. It seems almost superfluous to speak about them, but you know every one has a theory about the use of articles, and I am not exempt; although I am bound to say, that in this case my "theory" is born of experience.

I think that every housekeeper needs two of these useful appliances. A Dover egg-beater which is unequalled for general use, and the French whisk, a bundle of stiff wires for use in making meringues, and for whipping the whites of the eggs, when they are beaten separately from the yolks, in making those kinds of cake where great care in beating is required.

The Dover beats to a smoothness which nothing else gives, but it will not make the volume and frothiness which is needed in beating up the whites of the eggs.

If any of the COMFORT girls are making up lists of the things which they are going to need in a near future put the little things which I have mentioned in this article, as among the "must-haves." They are none of them expensive, and they will save the cost of themselves many times in the success they will insure in cooking. With proper appliances to work with, good rules to follow, and a level head with brains in it, a girl is well equipped for her start in life as a housekeeper, provided, at the same time she has a proper respect for her new calling.

But the girl with brains always has that.

Before we leave the subject of kitchen utensils, I must call special attention to the new patent Christy bread-knives, which come in sets of three. There are, in the set, a bread-knife a cake-knife and a parer. An illustration is given here of the first. Similar carvers are also made. The peculiar advantage of the bread and cake-knives lie in the fact that they have a curved instead of a straight, sharp edge, which will readily cut hot loaves without crumbling, or leaving the slices in that "soggy" state which every cook deplores but has, heretofore, found no way of preventing. The set may be found at most of the hard-ware or kitchen-furnishing stores; and although they are made of excellent steel, they are exceedingly reasonable in price.

We hear a great deal about the excellence of French cooking. This is due to the use of herbs making a combination of flavors, so delicate, that no one is predominant but all are equal in force and quality.

Among the herbs in most common use are Sage, Sweet Marjoram, and Summer Savory. To these should be added Parsley, Thyme, Chives, Chervil, Tarragon, Sweet Basil, and Rue. These can usually be bought at the grocers, but the surest way of having them pure, is to raise them yourself.

Even the woman who lives in the city and has only a small plot of ground at the back of her house, can raise all the herbs she needs for the year's use. With the exception of Tarragon and Chives, which are grown from the root and are perennial, these herbs are raised from the seed, which should be planted every Spring about the middle of May.

The herbs should be gathered when they are in blossom, carefully dried, and put away in a dark place protected from the air. When you wish to use them, take as many of the leaves as you think will make the quantity required, rub them to a powder, and sift them through a fine wire strainer. You will find that you will need a smaller quantity, by nearly one half, of herbs thus grown and prepared, than of those which you purchase.

Chives may be kept growing from year to year. This is a fine green herb growing in tufts like rich succulent grass, having a delicate flavor like onion. It is not dried but is used fresh in salads, which are mixed with French dressing.

Chervil and Tarragon are specially nice in soups and French Whisk sauces, and also for flavoring vinegar.

Until one is accustomed to the use of these flavors it is as well to make the proportions accurately, by rule.

The following is a combination recommended by Gouffée, formerly the French cook to the Queen of England, and which without doubt is one of the most satisfactory ever published.

Two ounces of Parsley.  
" " " Summer Savory.  
" " " Sweet Marjoram.  
" " " Thyme.  
One " Lemon peel.  
" " " Sweet Basil

These should be pounded and sifted together, in order to mix properly, and kept in a tightly corked bottle, to be used for flavoring soups, stews, sauce, and hashes.

WRINKLES, and hollow cheeks, and dull, sunken eyes, don't always mean that a woman's old. Half the time, they only show that she's overworked or suffering. To such women, to every woman who is tired or afflicted, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription safely and certainly brings back health and strength. It's a legitimate medicine that corrects and cures; a tonic that invigorates and builds up; a nervine that soothes and strengthens. For all the derangements, irregularities and weaknesses peculiar to women, it is the only guaranteed remedy. If it doesn't benefit or cure, you have your money back.

It won't do to experiment with Catarrh. There's the constant danger of driving it to the lungs. You can have a perfect and permanent cure with Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

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\$5 to \$15 per day, at home, selling LIGHTNING PLATER and plating jewelry, watches, tableware, &c. Plates the finest of jewelry good as new, on all kinds of metal with gold, silver or nickel. No experience. No capital. Every house has goods needing plating. Wholesale to agents. H. E. DELNO & Co., Columbus, O.

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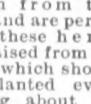
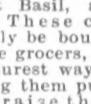
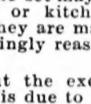
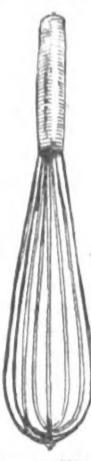
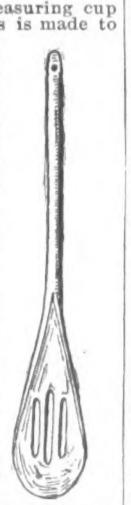
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Enameline THE MODERN STOVE POLISH

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## The Strange Experience of Mr. Hamilton, Merchant.

BY ZACK Z. ZOXXY.

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I.

AM not an author, have no ambition to become one, nor have I ever desired literary fame.

I am a middle-aged merchant, moderately prosperous, and well satisfied with my calling.

I make these statements that you may understand this is no professional's story; but a plain narration of events, just as they occurred to a prosaic, unimaginative merchant.

It is a strange story, hard to believe, and by me inexplicable, though it may be that men of science, who have made a study of such things, will find it simple enough. If they can make its mystery plain I wish they would; for, like a nightmare, it presses heavily upon my soul.

I became acquainted with Winfred Wilton in rather a peculiar manner. I had just stepped off the train at the little city of K——, lying on the western shore of Lake Michigan, and had taken, perhaps, six steps toward the waiting-room door, when a young man advanced and hesitatingly held out his hand.

"I don't know but what I am making a big blunder," he said, "but your face and form look so familiar that it seems as if I must know you; though, for the life of me, I cannot now recall your name."

"My dear fellow," I replied, giving his proffered hand a hearty shake and closely scrutinizing his face—a strange face to me—"I am quite sure we have never met before. However, your mistake is a common one. I, myself, have made one similar to it at least a dozen times."

"But," the young man continued, while the look of perplexity deepened on his countenance, "it does not seem possible I can be mistaken. The tone of your voice, the play of your features, why, the very clasp of your hand, come to me like the music of a well-known song. I must have known you somehow, sometime. Strange, I cannot call your name! Memory does not often play me such a trick!"

Again I examined the young man's form and features carefully. If I was ever positive of anything I was positive that I now looked upon him for the first time.

"Perhaps," I answered, "if I introduce myself the difficulty will vanish. My name is Howard H. Hamilton, business, retailer of dry goods; location, New York city. I am here for a two weeks' vacation, and trust you will find me as pleasant a companion as you would the friend whom you fancy I so closely resemble."

A look of keen disappointment came into the young man's face. "I was so sure," he said, apologetically, "that you were a dear friend, whose name had unfortunately slipped my mind, or I should never have ventured to approach you thus. Even now you are like a half-remembered dream and, though your name is certainly a strange one to me, I still feel as if I must have known you sometime, somewhere."

"Possibly," I replied, with a laugh, "in some distant age we were boon companions; but I am sure this is the first time you have felt the clasp of my hand in this present life. Come with me to my hotel and let us compare notes. I think you will find I am right. At any rate I want to become better acquainted with one to whom I seem to be united in such a mysterious manner."

He went with me to the hotel and there we discovered that neither, until that day, had been within a hundred miles of the other.

After this odd fashion I came to know Winfred Wilton.

Winfred Wilton possessed a fascinating personality. Beautiful he was not. The height and fullness of his forehead was out of proportion to the rest of his face. His shoulders sloped downward too much and his tall frame was badly put together. But his eyes were wonderful! Large, clear and as blue as the skies in June—and as unfathomable—they looked forth wistfully from deep-set sockets. I cannot describe the baffling mystery of those globes of blue, nor the sweet charm that dwelt within them. As a bit of steel to a magnet, my soul responded to their glances. He was a charming conversationalist. His voice was soft and sweetly modulated; and his words came like swift-winged messengers of the soul, clothed in beauty and in majesty. He was haunted with memories, shadows, dreams—I know not what to call them—of things he could by no possibility have known in this life. But, why attempt to portray his character! Its subtle charm and mystery are beyond my gift of words.

Another strange thing about Winfred Wilton was the intimate knowledge he displayed of myself. Had he been my heart-friend for years he could not have better understood the peculiarities of my mind. I do not attempt to account for this; though, if you read to the end, you will find an explanation set down. However, the explanation is none of my making—but of that in its place.

From the moment of our meeting we were fast friends and much of the daylight of that first week we spent in each other's company. There came an awful event—but it is needless that I write of this more at length.

II.

I came on Saturday. The next Saturday Wilton and I spent together on the shores of the lake. The day was cloudless and quiet; but oppressively hot. We sought the sheltering shade of an oak-crowned hill and there, stretching ourselves out upon the grassy turf, talked and dreamed the day away. The low murmurings of the lake fell in mournful cadence upon our ears. There was the sound of tears in the splash, splash of its waves; as though they were keeping time to a low, sad requiem, too soft and gentle for mortal ears to hear. At least that is the way Wilton put it, and I felt that he had given tongue to my feelings.

I can never forget our conversation that day. We talked of birth, of life, and of death.

Wilton's views were peculiar. The body is born and dies; but the soul, the real life, knows no creation, no annihilation. The earth is but one of many soul-homes, the body but perishable soul-home, and birth and death but the soul's moving-time. The life we knew at present was but one of many lives we had lived in various bodies, times, countries, or even worlds. Death opened vistas of eternal progress; not of eternal happiness or eternal misery. The soul's march was upward; never downward. What we call death came when the soul had outgrown its present body and needed different environments to continue its proper growth. Sometimes, some souls, retained faint remembrances of their past lives. A face, a bit of scenery; or, it might be, a picture or spoken words had a familiar look or sound. Where had they been seen or heard? Certainly not in this life! They were the dimly remembered experiences of a past existence. He believed that he had known and loved me during a life that had now gone. Where, or when, or under what circumstances he could not tell. He only knew that he had cared for me somewhere, sometime, as only a dear friend could. Such, briefly stated, were some of the peculiar views of Winfred Wilton.

At the time they were uttered they made but little impression upon me. Dreams, I then thought them.

Now, I know not what to think. I knew that Death had long sat enthroned in Wilton's heart, with black hands fingering his throbbing life, and I knew that Wilton knew this; and I thought these strange fancies were the morbid children of a too prolonged contemplation of this ever present King of Terror. But now, after what has happened, I dare not call them dreams; I can only say, what I said before, I know not what to think of them.

Without asking it Wilton won, my confidence; and, with the sound of the sighing lake in our ears, I told him the story of my life.

Man is the child of affliction. Above the heads of all flutter the black wings of sorrow. When a boy I loved a good and beautiful girl. When I became a man I wed her; and for a year life was tinted with the rainbow colors of our love. Then the shadow of the black wings fell upon us; death came and my dear one left me. Ah, that was twenty-five years ago; yet my heart bleeds to-day!

Wilton was deeply affected by the recital. His eyes never once left my face and they were often wet with tears. When I had done the hand he laid on my shoulder had the caressing touch of a woman's and his sweet voice was throbbing with sympathy.

"My dear friend," he said, "such love as yours is its own exceedingly great reward. In a life soon to come it will bear a glorious fruitage and every tear drop shed will grow a smile."

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**"WOMAN'S JACK-KNIFE."**

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this country whose products do not fall short of the daintiest fans of France and Germany.

So think, girls, as you wave yours so airily, of the Chinese girl, Kan-si, who worked havoc with the Celestial hearts ages and ages B. C. For "alas, there is nothing new under the sun."

**WORLD'S FAIR NOTES.**

Five hundred college students, at a small fee, are to act as guides about the grounds, at the World's Fair.

Electric wagons, and phaetons propelled by power from a dynamo will be common at Jackson Park this summer.

A regular post-office has already been established on the Fair grounds, and the clerical force will be increased the first of this month.

There will be a collection of heathen idols at the Fair that will make every dime museum manager in the country turn green with envy.

Fifty thousand bicyclists are expected to visit the World's Fair in August, at which time great races by the most noted amateurs will be held.

The Ferris wheel, 250 feet in diameter, will be one of the sensations of the Fair. Upon its rim will be fastened cages in which people may ride.

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Cortez and Pizarro, beautiful ornaments for the hair in silver and gold, wrought with precious stones.

Now the hairpin is indispensable, it is as much in use as the pin, but who invented it in its present convenient form no one can tell. Encyclopedias are silent, and the dictionaries, unabridged as they claim to be, haven't word to say.

The common every-day hairpin, which every woman from Queen Victoria to the humblest worker uses, is made as follows:

The wire of which they are pieces, is wound upon a reel and the end given to a special machine which automatically feeds itself from the coil, cutting off straight pieces double the length of the completed hairpin, at the rate of about ninety a minute. The first operation bends it into the U-shaped form, and the pin is then fed into a dial and carried to the other side of the machine. During its journey the ends are presented to rapidly revolving steel blades, by which they are pointed. Then by a little "pusher" the pin is shoved out of the dial and drops into a box on the floor.

The hairpins are given their black, glossy coating by placing a quantity in a slowly revolving iron cylinder "tumbbling barrel" it is called—together with a little Japan. This is in reality the most difficult part of hairpin making, so difficult indeed that concerns who have gone into the business have given it up because they could not succeed in japping properly. It took one manufacturer a year of daily practice and experiment before the desired product was achieved.

After being taken from the cylinder the pins are put into a furnace, where the Japan is baked in the customary manner. The completed pins are packed in small pasteboard boxes, and are ready for market.

It is estimated that the yearly product of hairpins is over five hundred millions. As they never wear out, about this number, therefore, must annually be lost. A few of these are doubtless picked up and used over again, but the vast majority of women cannot be induced to secure their flowing locks with anybody else's hairpins.

This crooked piece of wire is to a woman what a jack-knife is to a man—indispensable. With it she buttons her gloves and shoes, draws corks, picks locks, cleans lamps, hangs pictures, mends various articles, marks passages in books, cuts out items from the newspaper, and has in fact, been known to do the work of house-cleaning with it.

Just at present, fashion is giving a great deal of attention to ornamental hairpins, and they are made in gold, silver, tortoise-shell and amber, and the designs are from the finest artificers in these beautiful materials. Some of the most expensive are jewelled with precious stones, and the simplest are in knots and coils of silver. Between these two are exquisite pieces of filigree work in silver and gold, big amber balls and delicate carvings of tortoise shell.

So you see, simple though it seems, the word hairpin is, after all, very comprehensive.

**OLDER THAN A. D.**

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THE girl of the period know, when she coquettish with her pretty fan of modern stylish make, that she is flirting with one of the oldest relics of antiquity?

Some historians say that pretty almond-eyed K'an-si, the daughter of a Chinese mandarin, used one long ages B. C. Traces of fans had travelled across Persia and Asia Minor to Greece before 500 B. C. When the worship of Isis began to prevail in Greece that divinity was represented with a semi-circular fan, made of different feathers of different length and pointed at the top. Euripides speaks of using a fan to protect the famous Helen from the heat. Ovid, Terence, and others, speak of fans as though they were as much a necessary adjunct to a ladies' wardrobe as they are

to-day. Only in that day they were waved by slaves. Catherine de Medici introduced fans that could be folded, into France. Fans became objects of great luxury during the reign of Louis XIV and Louis XV. They frequently cost as high as \$70, but no toilet was complete without one. It was during this period that the famous Watteau fans came into favor—exquisite trifles of silk, painted and jewelled until they at last reached exorbitant prices.

In England they were quite the fashion in the time of Henry VIII. Falstaff alludes to fans in the "Merry Wives of Windsor." And one of Queen Elizabeth's New Year's presents was a superb fan set with diamonds.

In Spain fans were in vogue at an early date. The Spanish ladies have always, in fact, been adepts in the use of the fan. They not only carry on conversations with it, but they sometimes flirt abominably from some lattice window behind which they are confined but not entirely concealed.

The Japanese are famous, also, for the way they have always carrying a fan. Both sexes and all ages are provided with fans at all times. Where a European takes off his hat, the Japanese waves his fan. In the schools, the rewards of merit are fans. A beggar receives alms upon his fan, and where a criminal of the upper classes is to be executed he is presented with a fan; although just as he reaches out his hand for it, his head is cut off. Perhaps the Japanese call this killing a man with kindness.

Fans were used allegorically in the Greek mythology, and an Egyptian fashion of using them for religious purposes in temples, is also embodied in the modern Greek church, where the deacons carry fans. In certain fêtes of the Romish church also, large and costly fans are carried behind the Pope.

China and Japan make the largest number of fans for our use; while France and Spain make the hand somest ones, although there are manufactoryes in

this country whose products do not fall short of the daintiest fans of France and Germany.

So think, girls, as you wave yours so airily, of the Chinese girl, Kan-si, who worked havoc with the Celestial hearts ages and ages B. C. For "alas, there is nothing new under the sun."

**WORLD'S FAIR NOTES.**

Five hundred college students, at a small fee, are to act as guides about the grounds, at the World's Fair.

Electric wagons, and phaetons propelled by power from a dynamo will be common at Jackson Park this summer.

A regular post-office has already been established on the Fair grounds, and the clerical force will be increased the first of this month.

There will be a collection of heathen idols at the Fair that will make every dime museum manager in the country turn green with envy.

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**LADIES** For pleasant home work, \$15 weekly; no canvassing. Enclose stamp. Box 589, Rochester, N. Y.

**GENTS** both sexes, \$10 to \$30 weekly. 25c. sample and Gold Mine for 12c. Throatine Co., Portland, Me.

**PERFUMES FREE** A bottle of CUPID'S PERFUME and samples of 24 other odors free. Send 10 cents for mailing. ALONZO E. FERRIS, PERFUMER, STAMFORD, CONN.

**KORN-KURE** WILL CURE YOUR CURES FOR 10c., 2 Bars—25c., TEN MINUTE HEADACHE CURE 10c., 3 pkgs. 25c., FRED. H. McCLELLAN, Box 460, DETROIT, MICH.

**LADIES** Make men's wages writing for me at home. For term, send self-addressed and stamped envelope. MISS RUTH CHESTER, South Bend, Ind.

**AGENTS** —Canvassers; Household article; quick seller; good pay; write for circulars and terms. MORGAN MFG. CO., Kalamazoo, Mich.

**CIGAR PIPE** DUNNOTT to tell from a cigar. Made of asbestos. Holds a large pipeful of tobacco. Lasts for years. Sample by mail with agent's catalog, 10c. in stamp. NEW ENGLAND PIPE CO., South Norwalk, Conn.

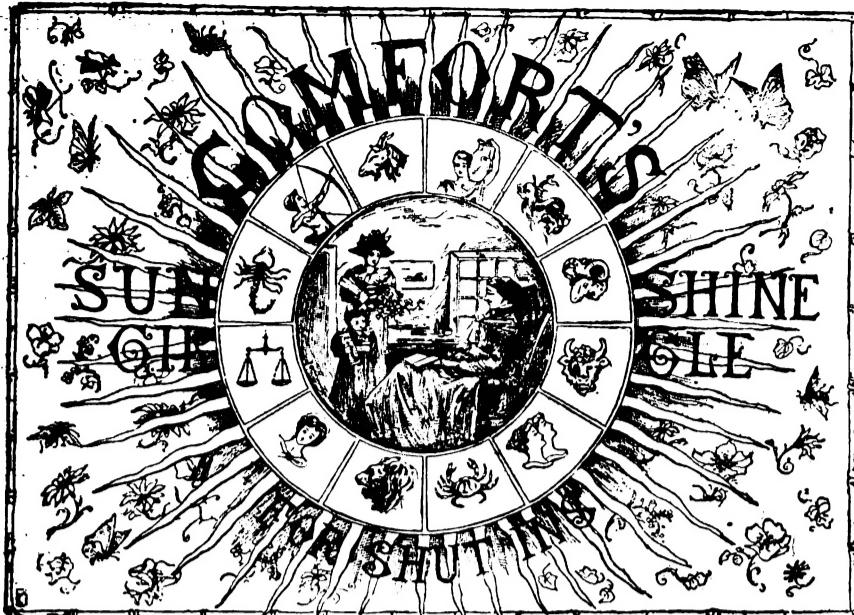
**A WOMAN'S SUCCESS** For two years I have made \$25 a week at home. Instructions FREE. to lady readers. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope. (No humbug). MRS. J. A. MANNING, Box 2, Anna, Ohio.

**GUITAR** self taught, without notes, 50 cts. BANJO. \$1.00. Circular and cat. of instruments FREE. A. PARKE, 85 Fifth Ave. Chicago.

**YOUNG FOLKS** self taught, absolutely free, \$5 per year. Set of 100 cards with which you can easily learn to play in your town. ELLING BROS., DURHAM, CONN.

**BOOK** Showing how anyone can be beautiful, free. Address the author, MME. A. RUPPERT, 6 East 14th St., New York.

**150 SONGS** and Magazine 3 months on Trial, 10c. including words and music of Ta Ra Ra Boom-Boo-Ta-Ray. E. F. Nason, Publisher, 132 Church



All correspondence for this department should be directed to Sunshine Circle, care of Comfort, Augusta, Maine.

#### DEAR FRIENDS:

I have the pleasant task of introducing myself to you as the editor of Comfort's "Sunshine Circle for Shut-Ins." I hope you will receive me kindly, that we may become great friends, and have many pleasant social chats together through this Sunny Circle, which may bring good cheer into your lives and into my own. Believe me, I can sympathize with you in your sufferings through my own experience; for I have known many long weary days and nights of pain, when it seemed that all I could think of was just how to endure. Such suffering leaves its traces on our character, and makes us either better or worse, according to the way we take it. Patience is not an easy virtue to obtain, but beautiful are the fruits of it. Let us all strive for it. One little sentence has often come to me as a comforting thought when suffering. It is: "Even this, also, shall pass away." Try to be patient and wait; and rest, and comfort, and peace will surely be yours at last.

And now I want to say a few words about this department as I take my place at its head. We mean to make it as cheerful, helpful, and sympathetic as we can. We wish to help each other in the best ways possible. We wish to become acquainted and stand in such friendly relations that we can ask counsel, or advice, or sympathy, and be sure of getting it. The different writers to this department may find much pleasure grow out of it in many ways; among other things, personal correspondence, by which they may make valuable friends.

So many addresses of Shut-Ins are given each month that you can write to each other direct. In this way reading matter may be asked for, and little exchanges of flower-seeds, pieces for fancy-work, etc., may be made; but don't send them up. And, as I think you will all see, direct financial aid cannot be given. It would take a force of, at least, twenty clerks to conduct this department in that case. Think for one moment of the immense circulation which Comfort has, over twelve hundred thousand already—a circulation monthly increasing. Imagine the work there would be just in replying to the letters which would come from all over this great country. Even now our regular business mail often exceeds six thousand letters in a day. You can see, then, how impossible it would be for us to investigate every case where aid of that sort was asked for, when often times the distance is so great; and to give without a thorough investigation would be manifestly unjust, and would simply invite fraud and deceit.

But while we cannot give money outright, we have a practical plan by which even the bed-ridden sufferer may have a chance to earn ready money herself; and money earned is far sweeter than money given. Comfort, original in everything else, is original in this, also, and again proves the aptness of its name.

Now, what is it?

You say, "I am sick and bed-ridden. There is no possible way by which I can earn money."

Oh, yes, there is! Comfort is already a visitor in over 1,200,000 homes. It is as good a paper in every way as many that are published at ten times its price. There is something for everybody in each number. The original short stories, the "painted bits," the Kitchen Chats, the Busy Bees, the Fashion Department, Aunt Minerva's Corner, the Children's Circle, the Prize Puzzles Club, and the Shut-Ins—all original and copyrighted. Why, only think what one gets for twenty-five cents a year!

Comfort is already the marvel of the age for cheapness.

It doesn't seem possible to make it any cheaper, does it? And yet, the publisher desiring to show his sympathy for, and to do something to aid the suffering, makes you privately and personally, this whole-souled, generous offer.

Every Shut-In who will get up a club of five or more yearly subscribers, at twenty-five cents apiece, may send us ten cents for each subscriber, and keep the other fifteen for herself.

The only condition given is that you must furnish satisfactory proof that you are a Shut-In. Get your physician and clergyman, or two other responsible persons, to sign a statement saying they have known you (and how long), that you are an invalid, unable to work, and that you properly belong to the Shut-In Circle.

No club will be received of less than five subscribers, and these must all be sent at one time. It will not do to send one or two, and say that more will be sent later. Wait until you get your club of five, or ten, or twenty, or a hundred subscribers, and send them in all at once. Be sure every name and address is given in full, and that ten cents accompanies each one of them. Remember too, that the more names you can get, the more money you keep for yourself. If you send ten names you will earn \$1.50. If you send 100 names, you get \$15.00.

How can Comfort be published at ten cents a year? It can't be. This offer is made solely for the benefit of our Shut-Ins; and the publisher, for every name you send him, takes money from his own pocket and puts it into yours. It costs much more than ten cents to publish and mail Comfort.

Remember you are to send a club of five—or as many more names as you can—and take out of the money you receive from these subscribers, fifteen cents for each one, sending us ten cents apiece. Don't you see that here is a way for you to earn something?

"But I am shut into my house. I cannot go out and get subscribers," says one.

Can't you? Now, how many people do you know?

There is your doctor. There is the minister. There are lots of people who occasionally come to see you.

There is the school-teacher. There is your servant.

There are relatives and friends to whom you write. Lay the case before them. They will not grudge twenty-five cents, when they know you are to get more than half, while they receive paper in return worth ten times the money. Get them interested for you. They will speak to their friends. Subscribers will come to you, as you lie on your bed, or sit helpless in your chair. A boy in a single factory got one hundred names easily in less than an hour.

Everybody is glad to subscribe for Comfort. You will be surprised to see how many names you can get when you once start in. You see it isn't a charity, it is business!

Is it all clear to you?

Or, about the money?

Get some one to send it to us, (ten cents for each new subscriber, and not less than five names at a time,) by money order, postal note, check, draft, registered letter, or in postage stamps. Never send money loose in a letter. It is not safe. And don't forget to send a signed certificate from a physician and clergyman (or two other prominent citizens) that you are a Shut-In.

Again, once more, when you write to each other, don't try to do it through this office. Much as we would like to do everything possible to make life brighter for you, it is simply out of the question to take upon ourselves any more work than we already have. Direct your letters to each other's addresses, and make your own exchanges and investigations through some friend or prominent citizen. And may you get much happiness from friendly correspondence, and much money by club-raising during the next few months.

We receive a great number of letters, and most gladly would we print them all, but you must remember, dear Shut-Ins, that this is only one of the many departments that go to fill a paper, and we can allow it but a limited space; so if your letters are condensed, if only a line or two is given, do not be disappointed, but be assured each letter is read from beginning to end, and the best is done for it possible.

Some letters are sent to this department which do not belong here. Remember, it is not an advertising department—it is exclusively for invalids; for the suffering in body, and must be devoted to them alone. From the letters on hand at present, I take the following extracts:

Mrs. E. Day writes:—

"I have been an invalid twelve years from rheumatism. I cannot walk a step without my crutches; cannot dress or undress myself. For one year I was as helpless as a baby. Now I can sit up in my chair, can read and write, which is a great comfort to me. My heart goes out to other Shut-Ins, and I wish it was in my power to do something for them. I would like reading matter or letters from the friends, also I am in need of clothes. Address 721 North Washington St., Owosso, Shiawassee Co., Michigan."

I hope the Shut-Ins will not forget this call.

Mrs. T. M. Davis, Taylor Hill, Ill. writes:—

"Four years ago I was ambitious to make my mark in life and was studying for a teacher, hoping to support my widowed mother; but now I am a helpless cripple. I have not walked a step for nearly four years, but I try to feel that it is His will. Dear friends, let us try to be very patient; for our invalidism is hard enough for our dear ones who wait on us so patiently and tenderly. Let us not make it harder for them, but be patient, and look beyond. From the letters on hand at present, I take the following extracts:

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"I have been an invalid twelve years from rheumatism. I cannot walk a step without my crutches; cannot dress or undress myself. For one year I was as helpless as a baby. Now I can sit up in my chair, can read and write, which is a great comfort to me. My heart goes out to other Shut-Ins, and I wish it was in my power to do something for them. I would like reading matter or letters from the friends, also I am in need of clothes. Address 721 North Washington St., Owosso, Shiawassee Co., Michigan."

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Mrs. A. N. E., Hamilton, N. Y., Box 126, writes:—

"I read Comfort every month with interest, and the page for the Shut-Ins is worth everything to me. Have been an invalid long years, and an entire Shut-In for many months. Have been afflicted with hay fever during the summer months since I can remember, taking powerful medicines for relief which have injured my digestion so much that I seem literally starving. I should be pleased to receive letters from others similarly afflicted, as I am lonely and it seems as if there was no one to sympathize with me. Who would like to send a few scraps of silk for a boot cushion pattern to be made in crazy work, also a pattern of the sickle described in the December number? I will send patterns in exchange for scraps.

I trust that our dear friend will no longer have a chance to feel lonely now that she has joined the Comfort circle, and that all who can will remember her with letters and scraps of silk.

Miss S. R. Johnson, Scarborough, Harford Co., Md. writes:—

"As I sit by my warm fireside this wintry afternoon and gaze out upon a world wrapped in snow, I am impressed with the gloom of the day; yet I know full well somewhere beyond this ice and snow there is a land where the fairest roses are blooming, and tuneful birds are filling the air with sweetest melody; and I love to think of these beautiful things for it helps me to bear the wintry blasts. Just so it may be with you dear friends; many of you are suffering pain, enduring bitter trials and sorrows. The storms, and clouds, and shadows of this life depress you, yet remember, beyond it all is a land where storms can never come, where pain and sorrow are never known, and where immortal flowers forever bloom. May you all reach that fair land and join the goodly company who have gone up through great tribulation. I should be very much pleased to have the friends who love flowers write to me, and I should consider it a great kindness to have a package of seeds sent me from every State in the Union, with name of flower and State written plainly upon it. My object in this request is, that I might have during the coming season a United States flower-bed."

Let us all do what we can to help the "United States flower-bed." It is a pretty idea, and this is one of the many ways in which we can, with little trouble, minister to the happiness of others. I think the great danger to be guarded against in ill health, is that of becoming too much wrapped up in ourselves, which makes us morbid, selfish, and unhappy; and this department in Comfort gives all the readers a chance to look upon other's burdens and help to lighten them. By so doing, their own will grow lighter. Will you not each one send in your favorite verse of poetry, or some comforting word or thought that has cheered you, and which may cheer others? This exchange of comforting thoughts would, I think, be very pleasant. It would be a pleasure, too, to hear how some of our Shut-Ins pass the time; by what work, or by what books they

are enabled to make the day seem less tedious, and, perhaps, turn it to good account. This exchange might give to others ideas of new work or new books they could enjoy. I must close by giving you all one verse to cheer you.

"Rejoice, O grieving heart!

"The hours fly fast;  
With each some sorrow dies,  
With each some shadow flies;  
Until at last  
The red dawn in the east  
Bids weary night depart,  
And pain is past.  
Rejoice, then, grieving heart,  
The hours fly fast."

With the best wishes for your comfort, believe me,  
SISTER MARGARET.

ST. VITUS DANCE. One bottle Dr. M. M. Fanner's Specific always cures. Circular with cures. Fredonia, N. Y.

The Czar of Russia does not institute, nor is he in many instances even aware of, the elaborate precautions taken for his safety, for fear of assassination. He is a large, tremendously powerful man, of great personal courage. He is surrounded by these safeguards by the dignitaries of his personal retinue, partly for their own safety and partly to avoid the very uncomfortable fate they would meet were anything to happen to him. His father was blown to pieces twelve years ago by a Nihilist bomb and all of his predecessors upon the Russian throne have met with either violent or mysterious deaths. It is said that several chambers are prepared for him nightly and that no one but the Czar himself knows beforehand in which room he will sleep.

Stops toothache instantly. Dent's Toothache Gum. All Druggists, or send 15 cts. Dent & Co., Detroit, Mich.

You Dye in 30 minutes Turkey red on cotton that won't freeze, boil or wash out. No other will do it. Package to color 2 lbs. by mail, 10 cts.; 6, any color—for wool or cotton, 40c. Big pay Agents. Write quick. Mention this paper. FRENCH CO., Vassar, Mich.

We receive a great number of letters, and most gladly would we print them all, but you must remember, dear Shut-Ins, that this is only one of the many departments that go to fill a paper, and we can allow it but a limited space; so if your letters are condensed, if only a line or two is given, do not be disappointed, but be assured each letter is read from beginning to end, and the best is done for it possible.

Some letters are sent to this department which do not belong here. Remember, it is not an advertising department—it is exclusively for invalids; for the suffering in body, and must be devoted to them alone. From the letters on hand at present, I take the following extracts:

Mrs. E. Day writes:—

"I have been an invalid twelve years from rheumatism. I cannot walk a step without my crutches; cannot dress or undress myself. For one year I was as helpless as a baby. Now I can sit up in my chair, can read and write, which is a great comfort to me. My heart goes out to other Shut-Ins, and I wish it was in my power to do something for them. I would like reading matter or letters from the friends, also I am in need of clothes. Address 721 North Washington St., Owosso, Shiawassee Co., Michigan."

I hope the Shut-Ins will not forget this call.

Mrs. T. M. Davis, Taylor Hill, Ill. writes:—

"Four years ago I was ambitious to make my mark in life and was studying for a teacher, hoping to support my widowed mother; but now I am a helpless cripple. I have not walked a step for nearly four years, but I try to feel that it is His will. Dear friends, let us try to be very patient; for our invalidism is hard enough for our dear ones who wait on us so patiently and tenderly. Let us not make it harder for them, but be patient, and look beyond. From the letters on hand at present, I take the following extracts:

Mrs. Henry Griffith, New Concord, Ohio.

"I have been an invalid twelve years from rheumatism. I cannot walk a step without my crutches; cannot dress or undress myself. For one year I was as helpless as a baby. Now I can sit up in my chair, can read and write, which is a great comfort to me. My heart goes out to other Shut-Ins, and I wish it was in my power to do something for them. I would like reading matter or letters from the friends, also I am in need of clothes. Address 721 North Washington St., Owosso, Shiawassee Co., Michigan."

I hope the Shut-Ins will not forget this call.

Mrs. A. N. E., Hamilton, N. Y., Box 126, writes:—

"I read Comfort every month with interest, and the page for the Shut-Ins is worth everything to me. Have been an invalid long years, and an entire Shut-In for many months. Have been afflicted with hay fever during the summer months since I can remember, taking powerful medicines for relief which have injured my digestion so much that I seem literally starving. I should be pleased to receive letters from others similarly afflicted, as I am lonely and it seems as if there was no one to sympathize with me. Who would like to send a few scraps of silk for a boot cushion pattern to be made in crazy work, also a pattern of the sickle described in the December number? I will send patterns in exchange for scraps.

I trust that our dear friend will no longer have a chance to feel lonely now that she has joined the Comfort circle, and that all who can will remember her with letters and scraps of silk.

Miss S. R. Johnson, Scarborough, Harford Co., Md. writes:—

"As I sit by my warm fireside this wintry afternoon and gaze out upon a world wrapped in snow, I am impressed with the gloom of the day; yet I know full well somewhere beyond this ice and snow there is a land where the fairest roses are blooming, and tuneful birds are filling the air with sweetest melody; and I love to think of these beautiful things for it helps me to bear the wintry blasts. Just so it may be with you dear friends; many of you are suffering pain, enduring bitter trials and sorrows. The storms, and clouds, and shadows of this life depress you, yet remember, beyond it all is a land where storms can never come, where pain and sorrow are never known, and where immortal flowers forever bloom. May you all reach that fair land and join the goodly company who have gone up through great tribulation. I should be very much pleased to have the friends who love flowers write to me, and I should consider it a great kindness to have a package of seeds sent me from every State in the Union, with name of flower and State written plainly upon it. My object in this request is, that I might have during the coming season a United States flower-bed."

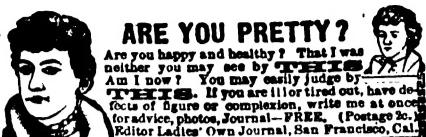
Let us all do what we can to help the "United States flower-bed." It is a pretty idea, and this is one of the many ways in which we can, with little trouble, minister to the happiness of others. I think the great danger to be guarded against in ill health, is that of becoming too much wrapped up in ourselves, which makes us morbid, selfish, and unhappy; and this department in Comfort gives all the readers a chance to look upon other's burdens and help to lighten them. By so doing, their own will grow lighter. Will you not each one send in your favorite verse of poetry, or some comforting word or thought that has cheered you, and which may cheer others? This exchange of comforting thoughts would, I think, be very pleasant. It would be a pleasure, too, to hear how some of our Shut-Ins pass the time; by what work, or by what books they

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SISTER MARGARET.



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FAT FOLKS reduced 15 lbs a month. Anyone can make remedy at home. Dr. Isaac Brooks, Woodard, O. writes: "I am a large, powerful fat person, and am subject to 'Bright's Disease.' Miss M. Almey, Supply, Ark., says: 'I lost 45 lbs. and feel splendid.' Costs trifles and is easy to make as 'Grape Jelly.' No starving or sickness. Write today as this ad may not appear again. Particulars (sealed) 2c. HALL & CO., "R" Box 404, St. Louis, Mo.

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## COMFORT.



Entered at the Post Office at Augusta, Maine,  
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Published Monthly by  
The Gannett & Morse Concern,  
Augusta, Maine.

Terms: 25 cents per year, in advance.  
Single copies, 5 cents.

Circulation, OVER ELEVEN HUNDRED  
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Boston Office, 228 Devonshire St. New York Office, Tribune Building

The diamond is said to be the lucky stone for those born in April.

According to a famous astrologer, the lucky days for April are the 10th, 11th, 15th, 16th, 20th, 21st, 23rd and 25th. The unlucky ones are the 4th, 5th, 8th, 13th, 14th, 19th, 22nd, 27th, 29th and 30th. The rest are neither fortunate nor unfortunate.

Electricity will soon do the work of the world. The latest invention is an electric heater which is cheap and convenient. One of these heaters was tried in an electric car in Boston recently, and although the outside temperature was only 14 degrees, the car was easily kept heated to 60 degrees so that men took off their overcoats. The electric current is passed through a patent brick under the seat, and contains many coils of wire which give the resistance that generates the heat. The brick is in the center of a small metal box filled with a chemical compound which takes up this heat and circulates it through iron pipes like steam-pipes. The cost is only ten cents a day, which seems insignificant to those who have to ride in cold cars.

This invention can be applied to heating houses and to cooking; and in places where there is no regular electric works, the electricity can be obtained by using the power of a windmill or water-wheel.

Unless all signs fail, May 5th will be an important day to the 60,000 Chinese in America. That day is the limit of the time allowed by the Geary law for Chinamen to register with the collectors of internal revenue and to file descriptions and photographs of themselves. According to this law, all who fail to register within the time set shall be arrested and sent back to China.

The Chinese all over the country have considered the law unjust and unconstitutional, and they have refused to register except in a very few cases. In Boston only one had registered up to the middle of March. In San Francisco there are over 40,000 Celestials, and if the internal revenue office should be kept open night and day, there would not be time for them all to file their photographs and descriptions before May 5th. So, even if the Chinamen there change their minds and try to register, only a small proportion of them will be able to comply with the law, and it is certain that there will be many thousands subject to arrest and deportation.

At a low estimate it will take \$250.00 to arrest, prosecute, and send back each Chinaman, or about \$15,000,000 for all those in the country. As Congress has appropriated only \$100,000 for this purpose, the government officials will have a serious problem before them unless more money is appropriated or the Geary law is repealed.

Every one, young or old, married or single, is interested in the liberal cash prize offered announced in this issue of COMFORT under the heads of Nutshell Story Club and Busy Bees; and those that will be announced in our May number in the new Prize Puzzle Club and Aunt Minerva Chats.

The extraordinary offer made to Shut-Ins in another part of this issue will prove a pleasing aid to invalids everywhere, and every man and woman blessed with good health should not fail to direct the attention of their Shut-In friends to our helpful and profitable suggestions.

With the beginning of next month, all roads will lead to Chicago. COMFORT will celebrate the great event by issuing its banner number.

Certain important changes in COMFORT which are well under way, and which will shortly be announced, will cause all those who send in their yearly subscriptions during this month, to congratulate themselves. Remember, a whole year's COMFORT costs but twenty-five cents.

## Eyes; But They See Not.

Copyright, 1893, by COMFORT.



**T**HIS Boston girl have furnished material for every "funny column" in America.

But there is a serious side to this growing tendency of our young people to adopt glasses before they finish college courses.

The normal eye, so scientific writers tell us, should not need the aid of magnifying glasses until about the age of 47. But very few people live to that age nowadays without adopting

spectacles.

Why?

People use their eyes more.

They read more.

They keep later hours.

They read on swift railroad trains—a proceeding which is very injurious to the eye.

Electric lights, which are used in every town of any size nowadays, are also very hard on the eyes. In short the strain is constantly increasing with each generation; consequently, poor eyesight becomes a matter of heredity.

The loss of the focalizing power of the eye is scientifically termed, *presbyopia*. Glasses with greater or less magnifying power are needed for this trouble.

used for sewing or reading, are convenient and unobjectionable for occasional use.

One cannot help wondering, in view of the increasing eye-failure of the world, whether the coming man and woman will not need to be born with glass eyes.

## CAME TO STAY.

Copyright, 1893, by COMFORT.

**D**OCTORS may talk, and artists may rave about the human form divine as shown in the form of the wonderful Venus de Medici; but most women will agree that if Venus had been fitted to a modern costume she would have presented an unlovely, not to say baggy waist.

And health reformers may say what they will, women have worn corsets for centuries past, and they will for centuries to come.

The origin of the corset has been traced to the remotest antiquity. It is not known that Eve ever wore them, but it is certain that bandages resembling corsets were worn by the Roman matrons during the republic

and the empire, first with the design of supporting the bust, but later with the idea of compressing the waist.

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dog-named Scot and six dolls and a stuffed cat. I want to become a story writer and win a Nutshell prize. This is my first letter to a paper and I hope to see it in COMFORT."

MAGGIE FIELDS.

Well, well! Maggie, you ought to have a real live cat, such as pictured here, instead of a stuffed one. I wish I could send you one of my lovely Maltese kittens. Most of the Cousins heard from this month are from the West and South. Now here comes one from the old "Bay State."

"How many of the readers of COMFORT know anything about Danvers, Massachusetts? By the way, there are only two towns of the name in the country, a distinction not common. This one is said to have been named for Count d'Anvers, who came here from England in the long ago. If there ever was an historical town this is one. Here is the birth-place of Gen. Israel Putnam, he of fame caused by riding down on horseback the stone steps in Connecticut. His room in the old homestead is still preserved as he left it. In the War of the Revolution Danvers was scarcely less conspicuous in some respects than Concord and Lexington, and she also distinguished herself in the late unpleasantness. Here is the summer home of the late lamented New England poet, Whittier, and his study is as if just left by the kindly gentleman and bard. And were not all the readers of COMFORT surprised to learn that the poet was worth \$130,000? We were, here, even though we were quite familiar with his interests, as we supposed. The most liberal estimates of his worth were not over \$25,000. Here is the Rebecca Nurse house. You remember the story of that good woman who was hanged as a witch in Salem, and whose sons brought her body on their shoulders four miles and buried it near her home? We are not proud of the witchcraft distinction that is thrust upon us, but we are proud that a monument has been placed over Rebecca Nurse's grave and annual meetings are held in her honor. We also boast of probably the oldest pear tree in existence. It is known as the Endicott pear tree, and was brought from England over 250 years ago by Governor Endicott. It bore a lot of fruit last summer. The Collins house, where Gen. Washington passed a night, is another landmark. The Page house, famous for the tea party on the roof, is also distinctively a Danvers attraction. The lord and master forbade tea drinking in the house and so the mistress served her friends on the roof. The State insane asylum is situated here with 800 patients and 200 employees."

FRANK E. MOYNAHAN, Danvers, Mass.

In conclusion I want to whisper in the ear of every COMFORT Cousin that the editor has a most generous plan for a Cash-prize competition, in the near future, for this department. The prizes will be large enough to make it worth while for any one to compete; and due announcement will be made regarding them, later on. In the meantime be sharpening your pencils and your wits; and look out for subjects of such general interest to every reader that you will stand a fair chance in the competition. Study to improve your style and broaden your out-look, but never make the mistake of trying to write of what you know nothing about.

AUNT MINERVA.

### HONI SOIT QUE MAL Y PENSE.

Copyright, 1893, by the Publishers of COMFORT.

THOUSAND dollars for a garter!

This sounds like a fairy tale, yet this price was paid in Boston last year for a yellow silk garter, made to order by a well-known jeweller, and finished with a gold buckle set with magnificient diamonds.

Who were it?

Well, that is a state secret known only to Boston's "four hundred." For ordinary people a fine silk elastic, fastened with a fancy buckle or a dainty bow of ribbon, seems to be a garter.

good enough for all practical purposes. But some fine ladies, and more especially actresses, are content with nothing short of a jewelled garter. And in our large cities, all the leading jewellers keep them in stock. Most people have heard of the "star" who was presented a year or two ago with a richly jewelled garter costing two hundred and fifty dollars; and although upon inquiry she found that it came from a rich young admirer of the opposite sex she prizes it none the less.

There is a question as to the healthful qualities of the knee garter. Most physicians think children at least should not wear them. The side-elastic certainly has the advantage over the rubber band which, more or less, compresses the veins and muscles of the leg. Yet there are many women left who cling to the old, historical garter which clasps the knee. For the garter has been an honored emblem since the middle ages. Just how long before that it was invented as a useful adjunct to the wardrobe is not known. Probably the first people to wear hose invented the garter; and stockings were worn as far back as the days of the Roman Empire.

The "Order of the Garter," the highest order of British Knighthood, is one of the oldest and most illustrious orders in Europe. The precise date of its foundation is not exactly known. Some writers give it as in 1192, ascribing its origin to Richard I. It is claimed that he made twenty-six of his knights wear blue thongs of leather around their legs on St. George's day, in a battle with the Saracens, which he gained. Other writers give varying accounts, but the balance of evidence seems to prove that the Order of the Garter was established in 1344, when Edward the Confessor invited his knights to a tournament at Windsor. In written accounts of the wardrobe of knights the garter is first mentioned in 1348.

An ancient story accounts for the motto thus: The Countess of Salisbury happened, at a ball, to drop her garter. The king, seeing it fall, stooped and picked it up. As he did so, he saw a smile on the faces of the bystanders, whereupon he remarked: "Honi soit que mal y pense." (Evil be to him who evil thinks.) He then added that "Shortly they should see that garter advanced so high a renown that they would account themselves singularly blessed to wear it," and soon after it was adopted as the emblem of the new order of knighthood.

The garter of the order is of dark blue velvet edged with gold and bearing the motto bestowed by Edward the Confessor, in golden letters. There is a buckle with a pendant of gold, also, which clasps the garter just below the left knee of the wearer. The rest of the costume is correspondingly rich and elegant, with golden collar made of 26 pieces, each in the form of a garter of blue enamel.

There is also worn a figure of St. George (the patron saint of the order) encountering the dragon, which is attached to the collar, and another pendant, consisting of the Star of St. George, with eight silver points, encircled with the garter. The order is made up of the highest nobles and sovereigns, and never used to exceed 26 in number. Extra knights and sovereigns have been admitted, however, within the last 50 years, until in 1873, the order numbered 47 and included most of the sovereigns of Europe.



### POINTS.

Kate Sanborn, the subject of a bright description in our September number, and who adopted an abandoned New England farm and made it fruitful and profitable, gains, it is said, quite a revenue by selling eggs from her model poultry yard to one of the most celebrated and exclusive of Boston Clubs.

Chicago hotel men are interested in a proposition to build floating hotels. If successfully constructed they will have the advantage over others in coolness and comfort during warm weather. They can also be moved about from place to place on the lake, thus doing away with the necessity of summer hotels.

A prominent citizen of Chicago brought suit against a cigar company to compel them to remove his picture from a label placed on goods manufactured by them. The court had decided that a public man's picture is common property, and the manufacturers are allowed to continue the use of the prominent man's likeness.

Workmen digging in the streets of New York City have just unearthed, 20 feet below the surface, a 3-masted ship 90 feet long. Her framework was in excellent condition, but not an iron nail was found about the vessel, everything being fastened with wooden spikes. Old maps of the city show that over a hundred years ago the water came up in that locality, but the whole territory has since been filled in and is one of the oldest parts of the city. The ship is supposed to be an old whaler.



### WISDOM WASTED.

One day when Teddy aged three Had acted very badly, His grandma took him on her knee And lectured him most sadly. For ten long minutes, maybe more, She talked to him and scolded, His longing eyes were on the door, His hands quite meekly folded. And when at last she set him free, Said he, a little blue, "Say, Grandma, did you ever see Such talksome folks as you?" E. L. S.



### A "FIVE O'CLOCK TEA."

Is fun you see,  
If one is as careful,  
As careful can be,  
And makes no mistake,  
In regard to the cake,  
Or the number of cups,  
He imbibes of the tea.

Aluminum is the coming metal. Since the utilization of electricity in its extraction from common clay, the cost has been reduced from \$100 in 1807, to 70 cents per pound in 1893. This metal can be used in place of steel, iron, tin and brass. It is much lighter than other metals, and is clean and always bright. It is already used for surgical instruments, foundry castings, grill-work, cameras, table and kitchen ware and for many useful knick-knacks. It is probable that it will be used in the near future for bicycle frames.

A coal miner out in Missouri decided to elope with another man's wife. So he gave her money for a ticket to a neighboring city, but to save expense, he decided to break into an empty box car and steal a ride. Meantime the woman's husband missed her, and learned that she had bought a railroad ticket. He set out in pursuit, and, to lessen the expense of the chase, he, too, determined to steal a ride in a freight car. By a freak of fate he got into the same car with the eloping miner. They were unknown to each other, and in conversation the runaway told all about the elopement. The husband kept quiet, until the train stopped, when he had the eloper arrested, hunted up his wife and took her home.



### WHY NOT?

Now and then we hear folks say,  
"Every dog must have his day,"  
Just as though he had no right  
If he chose to have a night.

### Happenings Here, There AND Yonder.

An electric banjo has appeared in Boston. It costs \$682,114 to light the streets of Boston one year.

The latest electrical invention successfully tests the acidity of chemicals.

New York now has \$350,000,000 in savings banks, the savings of the middle classes.

Smoke-consumers, for railroads, have been improved 86 per cent during the last year.

A great scientist says that 4 per cent of the entire male population are color-blind.

Duelling is still allowed in France, over forty duels having been fought there last year.

A man in Pennsylvania deliberately lay down on the log-carriage of a saw mill and sawed his head off.

George Westinghouse invented the air-brake before he was 21 years old. From it he has made a fortune.

A remarkable case, in which a murderer was discovered through the agency of a dream, has just been placed on record.

A movement is on foot to do away with the head of the "Goddess of Liberty" on our coins, and substitute for it, those of our great statesmen.

Public waste-baskets, attached to electric light poles, are being used in some cities, to catch dirt or rubbish that is ordinarily thrown into the street.

The "hello girl" has got to go. An automatic switch at the central telephone office has been invented, and it is claimed will save 90 per cent in expense.

Mrs. S. T. Rorer, professor of cookery, of whom COMFORT recently printed an interesting article under the head of "Bread Winners," says that "A well-fed man is never a criminal."

The father of Charley Ross, the lad who was kidnapped so many years ago, now lives in Philadelphia, where he is still in receipt of many letters from people claiming to be his son.

There will be forty war-ships in line, at the grand naval parade at Hampton Roads, Va., on April 27. Twenty-eight of these will be from foreign ports, and twelve belong to "Uncle Sam."

It is said that none of the wonderful and complicated modern surgical instruments, invented by physicians, are patented by them, being given to science for the relief and benefit of mankind.

A sneak thief, arrested in New York City after a hard chase, was found, upon being searched, to have a pair of valuable gold bracelets upon his legs. He is liable to wear an iron pair for some time.

Edison said, a few years ago, that it would be, in his opinion, impossible to build a dynamo that could light over a thousand lamps. One has just been built which will keep ten thousand going at a time.

A young man has just been arrested in New York, who has masqueraded for a year as a railway postal clerk, but who is, in reality, a professional thief, and has been plying his nefarious trade during this time.

One of the most famous relics of American History, the old "liberty bell," will be exhibited at the Fair, and will be seen for the first time by hundreds of thousands of the citizens of the great country whose birth it announced.

The great fire in Boston last month destroyed over four million dollars worth of property. A curious fact about it was that the alarm was sounded from the same box which roused the firemen at the great Thanksgiving fire four years ago.

The newest way to illuminate a town is by a large balloon made of thin aluminum and filled with gas. This is kept steady at some point over the town by a rotating fan. The outside is covered with incandescent lamps, and can be made as brilliant as desired.

A young woman was recently taken to the State Insane Asylum in New York, having gone crazy from the notoriety which followed a railroad accident. Another young woman's body had been identified and buried as hers, when she turned up in a Chicago hospital.

A novelty just being introduced into large cities is an ambulance system for broken-down vehicles. In case a wagon breaks an axle, a temporary wheel is soon applied, without unloading, and the blockade which always results from such break-downs in narrow streets, is quickly lifted.

M. Le Claire of Paris was the first man to make a success of profit-sharing among his employees. His plan, modified to suit conditions, has been tried in several places in America, with good results. A thriving community has been established in Illinois on this plan, and is called Le Claire.

The hardest counterfeiting to detect is the manufacture of genuine silver dollars. Since silver became so cheap, legal-tender dollars can be made for 68 cents apiece. At this rate the counterfeiter can afford to use genuine silver, and it becomes very difficult to tell the real from the false.

In London certain scientists are engaged in a curious experiment. They are making tests with a view to determining the best tint to apply to the evening papers, enabling them to be read in poor light with the least injury to the eye. It is believed that a yellow or orange tinge will be recommended.

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By SALLIE JOY WHITE.

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AS I not to tell you something about bonnets and hats this month?

It was my intention, but the lateness of the season has prevented it. Usually before this time the wholesale houses have had their openings, and the fashions have been exhibited, so that it has been possible to give the descriptions of what will be worn during the summer.

This year is an exceptional one, and none of the houses are ready, and will not be until later in the month.

The dress from which it was made had seen two years hard wear, but after it had been carefully ripped, washed and ironed, it could not be told from the piece of new which was used for the sleeves.

The skirt was cut in the English bell-shape, which has been described, and it was trimmed with Hercules braid about two inches in width, put on in Vandyck points. The braid was a bright scarlet, which contrasted with the rich shade of navy-blue of the serge.

The skirt was finished with a slightly pointed belt of the braid.

The waist was a short Bolero jacket, with square corners and very broad, sharp pointed double revers. It was lined with scarlet silk, and the second of the double revers were of the silk. It was worn over a full vest of scarlet silk, like that of which the revers were made.

With a view to economy, and also to having two or three suits out of the one, the owner has provided herself with a dark blue silk vest, a blouse waist of scarlet and white chaffie, and two percale shirt waists, one in white with red spots, the other white with tiny blue figures.

When she wears the blouse she will not wear the jacket, and in that way she will make her dress serve many purposes.

It is the little economies of this kind, and the knowing how to exercise them, which makes it possible for some women to do more with a small amount of money, than others can do with a large income.

The new blouses are very pretty this spring, and they are just as stylish as they were last year. The truth is they are so convenient that women hate to let them go, especially, as they are just as becoming and stylish as they are convenient.

They are made from silks, light and dark, in plaids and in the gay Roman stripes, and in the delicate fancy silks, the latter for evening wear at theatre or concert.

They are also made from the thinner India and China silks, both plain and figured, from cashmere and chaffie, and from percale and cambric, these last for the warm summer weather. For this later season there will be lovely blouses of nainsook, and muslin handsomely trimmed with embroidery and lace.

These will be worn with silk or other nice skirts.

Even if she is making us buy more material for our gowns, fashion is considering the limited purses, and giving the opportunities of economy.

The bell-skirt in one or the other of its two forms will be worn on all dresses this spring. The skirt clears the ground all the way round, is gathered at the top, and flares out at the foot.

Did you ever think it possible that the amount of cloth you used in your dress would make the difference of success or failure to the manufacturers?

Well, it only serves to show how closely all human interests are bound together, and what seeming trifles influence for ill or good.

But the full skirts do not necessarily mean a return of the hideous hoop-skirt, nor the retention of the dragging train for the street.

Indeed Worth and other French authorities have declared against both. Crinoline cloth will be used to hold the skirt away from the feet, and accentuate the bell-effect. That is all that is declared.

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The shape of the gowns depends upon the width of the material. A favorite pattern for double-width goods has a broad front breadth sloped towards the top, a narrow gore on each side, and a broad back breadth sloped on each side instead of down the middle. This is called the English bell-skirt, and flares outward all around, instead of being close in front, with the flaring back of the French bell-skirt. It is lined throughout, either with silk or with the cotton surah, which has the effect of silk, but is wider, and costs thirty-seven and a half cents a yard instead of a dollar or more. It is trimmed with rows of braid or of corded ribbon of graduated widths.

I should have said that this refers to the woolen dresses which will be made for the first spring wear.

The effect of these gowns is distinctively the somewhat severe tailor style, which is, after all, the most sensible of any for woolen dresses that will be worn in the street and for travelling.

The waist which accompanies this skirt is what is known as the habit bodice, since it follows so closely the plain shaped, exquisitely fitting waist of the riding habit.

It is a round basque, not very deep, and cut away to show a gay vest of plaid or dotted silk and wool. One model is double-breasted, with a notched silk-faced collar. It is hooked down the middle, by the lining, then the outside is lapped over and buttoned by horn buttons. The top is then filled in with a little habit vest, with a high collar. All the edges are stitched once or twice. The sleeves are very large and full, but are of coat shape.

The newest stuffs for woolen dresses are sleekly woven English basket cloths in small checks and the mixed tweeds. Violet and green are to be the popular colors this spring, and they appear in the new goods sometimes in a solid color, but most often "shot" one into the other, or in alternate checks, or in rough threads like bourette.

Green prevails above all colors, and is seen with rose mauve, with heliotrope, with lavender, with lilac, and with the darker purples. Green and tan are another favorite combination of the season, also green and rose.

Among the other colors which will be a great deal this year are the tans grays and light browns.

which are standard spring colors, light grayish blues, old blue, and a blue which shades toward green.

The jacket effects are to be seen on many of the spring gowns, and they are as pretty and becoming as ever.

I saw a very stylish one that was made at home, and was not at all expensive. The material was fine French serge, which is softer than the English serge, and possesses remarkable wearing qualities.

To tell the truth, this was a "made-over," but when it was done no one would have known that it was not entirely new.

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Did you ever think it possible that the amount of cloth you used in your dress would make the difference of success or failure to the manufacturers?

Well, it only serves to show how closely all human interests are bound together, and what seeming trifles influence for ill or good.

But the full skirts do not necessarily mean a return of the hideous hoop-skirt, nor the retention of the dragging train for the street.

Indeed Worth and other French authorities have declared against both. Crinoline cloth will be used to hold the skirt away from the feet, and accentuate the bell-effect. That is all that is declared.

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**\$100.00 IN CASH PRIZES \$100.00**

The publishers take pleasure in announcing that in order to increase the common interest in this department, and to develop the inventive power and originality of COMFORT readers, they offer the following Cash prizes:

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2nd. A Cash prize of FIFTEEN DOLLARS (\$15) will be given for the Second best suggestion in the same line.

3rd. A Cash prize of ten dollars (\$10) for the next best.

4th. A Cash prize of seven dollars and fifty cents (\$7.50) for the next.

5th. A Cash prize of five dollars (\$5) for the next.

6th. A Cash prize of three dollars (\$3) for the next.

7th. Ten Cash prizes of two dollars (\$2) each for the next ten and

8th. Twenty Cash prizes of one dollar (\$1) each for the next twenty, making 36 prizes in all to be given for such suggestion as rank in the above order of merit.

**CONDITIONS.**

Competitors must be yearly paid-up subscribers to COMFORT; and in addition must send at least one new yearly subscriber, with twenty-five cents, the price of one year's subscription to COMFORT for each new subscriber so sent.

Letters must be received before September first; and awards will be published in the October issue.

Letters must be written plainly on one side of the paper only.

Letters must be short, plain, explicit and contain no superfluous words.

No manuscript will be returned.

Descriptions may cover fancy articles, gifts for old and young, designs in drawn-work, embroidery, etc. Only such patterns of knitting and crocheting will be considered as are of exceptional merit and originality. Designs for internal and external decorations of the house may be entered in the contest, or suggestions on any topic contributing to home comfort or individual happiness. Illustrations of articles suggested, when possible, will add to the value of letters. Designs or suggestions must be absolutely original with the writer, never having appeared in print before, and not copied from books or other sources.

No communication will be considered that is not sufficiently stamped, and accompanied by the writer's full name and address.

The conditions are fully given here and consequently no letters of inquiry or of a personal nature will be answered.

Articles will be judged on merit alone.

Competition positively closes September first.

The publishers reserve the right to use any suggestions submitted which may not be awarded a prize.

All communications must be fully prepaid and addressed to **BUSY BEE**, Care of COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



LITTLE GRANDMOTHER.

for the little "Busy Bees" to achieve with their tiny fingers are the gay worsted balls which make such satisfactory play-things after they are finished.

The work requires patience and persistence, and much care. But with mother at hand to direct and encourage, and to give the needed bit of help at the proper moment, the little workers will make these balls very nicely.

They must not be kept at the work too long at a time or they will lose interest, and what was intended for a pastime will become a drudgery. At the first sign of weariness, and before the enthusiasm has begun to lag, take the work away, and so make the return to it an anticipation, and not a dread.

A mother who permits a child to become tired over a piece of work like this defeats her own intention.

But to come to the making of the ball, which the mother must understand in order to give the necessary instruction.

If the ball is to be a "bouncer"—and where is the child who cares a penny for a ball, no matter how gay and pretty it is, that doesn't bounce?—you will want a rubber centre. To get this take some pieces of rubber, bits of an old over-shoe will answer the purpose, cut into narrow strips and wind tightly until you have a roll about the size of an English walnut for the centre of the ball.

Wind about this, very evenly, so as to keep the shape perfectly round, worsted revellings. The leg of an old woollen stocking, or anything

of the kind which will give the wool may be used.

When the ball is of the size required fasten the worsted securely, so that it will not unwind.

Then take a darning-needle threaded with strong twine, and divide the surface of the ball into sections of eight. The twine must be securely fastened at each end, and drawn firmly over the ball. The sections must be exactly even.

Next select the colors of worsted you want for the ball. Each section may be of different color, or the colors may be alternated in sets of two or four. This is merely a matter of taste.

Work a section at a time, finishing it before you begin another. Thread a worsted needle with the color and weave it back and forth around the dividing cords. This weaving should be closely done completely covering the foundation,

and allowing none of the cord to be visible.

When one section is done work the next in the same manner, and so proceed until the sections are all worked. A companion ball may be made by making the foundation in the same manner, and working the stripes around the ball instead of up and down.

ANOTHER STYLE OF BALL. By a judicious use of colors very pretty effects may be made, and the child be given a practical lesson in color and artistic combination as well as in handiwork.

In this way, the mother may give the child at home, the principles of the Kindergarten, which makes every act a part of education, and trains at once the physical, the mental and the moral sense.

**CROCHETED SLIPPERS.**

Do not undertake the task of making this crocheted slipper unless you have a stock of patience, and are exact in following directions, for I warn you to begin with that while the result is very good when the work is properly done, yet it is easily spoiled if the worker allows herself to become at all careless.

For a pair of No. 4 slippers you will require six balls of No. 300 Florence knitting silk, four balls being of silver gray, and two balls of light blue, a No. 1 Star crochet needle, a pair of No. 4 soles and a yard of ribbon an inch and three quarters wide.

There are two crocheted sections in each slipper, one of which is shown in diagram, the other is a long straight piece which makes the ornamental top, and is sewed on after the slipper itself is made.

Begin work with gray silk on the larger section at the point marked A and work in rows in the width as follows.

First Row.—Chain 36.

Second Row.—Turn, and counting back, do 5 doubles into the 4th stitch of the chain, do 1 single into the 8th stitch of the chain, chain 2, do 5 doubles into the 8th stitch of the chain, do 1 single into the 12th stitch of the chain, chain 2, do 5 doubles into 12th stitch of the chain. Repeat from \* into the 16th, 20th, 24th, 28th, and 32d stitches of the chain, and finish the row by doing 1 single into the 36th stitch of the chain.

Third Row.—Turn, chain 2, do 5 doubles into the stitch into which you worked the last single of the preceding row, do 1 single into the chain of two made also in the previous row, \* chain 2, do 5 doubles into space between the two last stitches of the group of 5 doubles, do 1 single into chain two next following, repeat from \* six times more, forming a shell in each of the spaces between the two last stitches of the 5 doubles in the second row. The eighth shell is secured by a single in the top of the 4th stitch in the previous row; this differs from the other shells and it is absolutely necessary that the last shell of this and all other rows be finished at this point, else the edge of the work will draw up as you progress.

Fourth Row.—Turn, same as the third, forming eight shells. The further progress of the work is in rows until the points marked C and F, on the pattern are reached when 26 rows will have been completed, and the toe of the slipper done. An increase on two shells is made in each of the 5th, 10th, 15th, 20th, and 25th rows. This increase is made by building 2 shells on the second and two on the last but one of the row. On completing the 26th row, in which you have 18 shells, you find yourself at point F, when you turn and begin to work another row, but stop when six shells are completed, at point E, when you turn again and work with six shells in these shorter rows until you have a strip six and five-eighths of an inch long, when you have reached the line indicated on the pattern by I, K completing this part of section.

Resuming work at point D, do 6 shells ending at point C. Work rows of 6 shells as before until another strip of six and five-eighths inches is done when you have reached line G, H, and this section of slipper is complete.

The second section which constitutes the ornamental portion which is sewn to the top of the slipper, is begun in blue silk with a chain of 20, and worked in shells in the manner already described, in rows of four, until you have a strip 20 inches long.

The end of this piece will have an irregular scalloped edge that needs to be made straight to join to the other edge. This is done by working 4 doubles into the centre of the depression between each scallop, and a single into the top of each scallop.

The ends should be sewn together, then on one long edge of this strip you will now work with gray silk one row of the same style of shells as before made, beginning and ending on the wrong side of lapel at point of joining them, and work back to same point a row of blue shells, thus completing the ornamental edge.

The scolloped ends of the slipper indicated on the pattern by the lines G, H, I, K, are to be made straight as were the ends on the ornamental section, and then joined.

Sew the lapel to the body of the slipper. Between the lapel and the main part introduce a piece of elastic cord twelve and a half inches long sewed together at the ends. Turn down the lapel and sew along the gray row of shells to the body of the slipper, as seen in the illustration.



CROCHETED SLIPPER.

Now sew the upper to the sole, basting the lower edge of the upper to the edge of the sole, the upper being wrong side out.

Begin the basting at the toe and hold the work full while sewing around that portion of the sole. When the sewing is completed turn the shoe inside out. This is troublesome, but is accomplished after a little effort, both sole and upper being flexible.

The bow on the front is made to suit the taste of the maker.

The soles of various kinds are for sale at the notion and shoe stores. The edges of these are bound with worsted braid of various colors, and they should be selected in harmony with the color of the silk as the edge of the body of the slipper is sewed to the inner edge of the sole, leaving the binding braid exposed.

This description is for a No. 4 slipper done snugly. No one must expect to obtain the same result with looser work, coarser needle, or silk of doubtful brand or size. For other sizes, careful calculation must be made, but with the right materials any intelligent worker can make a pair of slippers in this pattern.

For convenience the following measurements are given of an upper for a No. 4 slipper, as shown in the pattern.

From A to B, three and seven-eighths inches.

" C to D, two inches.

" E to F, " "

" G to H, " "

" I to K, " "

" D to E, " "

" A to G, nine and three-quarters inches.

" B to K, " "

The ornamental piece or lapel should measure one and five-eighths inches in width, and 20 inches in length.

In making other sizes it will be advisable to cut out a paper pattern shaped like the one given here, but of larger or smaller dimension to suit, which may be used as a guide in the work.

These slippers will make most lovely and acceptable gifts for the next holiday season, having all the convenience of the worsted slipper with a great deal more beauty.

**GLOVE MENDING OUTFIT.**

A most convenient thing for every woman to have on her work table or as an adjunct to her glove case is a glove mending outfit. It is easy to make, and it may be as costly or as inexpensive as the means of the maker shall allow.

You will require for the outfit, a ring, of the size and shape of the rubber ones which are given to children to cut their teeth on, a pair of tiny scissors, a "finger," to insert into the glove, when sewing rips, a braid of assorted glove silks or threads, some pretty bits of silk or ribbon to make a needle-book and a small bag to hold glove buttons, some fine white flannel or cashmere for leaves to the book, about six yards of narrow ribbon and half a yard of ribbon in the same color, about an inch and a half wide.

If you wish to make the outfit costly, you may have the ring, the "finger," and the tops of the scissors of silver. But if on the contrary, you wish to have something that is pretty and at the same time inexpensive, while just as useful, you will have the scissors of good steel, the "finger" and ring of ivory or celluloid.

Fasten the braid of silk on to the ring by doubling it on it and catching with a few stitches; on either side tie on the scissors, "finger," button bag, and needle-book, with the narrow ribbon in varying lengths. Tie a bow of the wider ribbon at the top of the ring, and the outfit is complete.

You have no idea what a convenience it is for your own personal use, and it makes the nicest little gift for Christmas and birthdays.

During the past two or three days I have been watching the progress of two which are for birthdays that come on the same day during the next month.

One is in old rose, the needle-book and button bag in lovely art silk showing old rose and white in the design, the ring and "finger" of celluloid in the same soft shading, and the ribbons in the darkest of the rose shades. The other is in blue and white. The ring and "finger" are in white, the ribbons in light blue, and the silk white ground with a blue design.

It is hard to tell which is the prettier of the two, but each suits the particular "sweet sixteen" for which it is intended.

**THE LITTLE COMFORTER.**

One of COMFORT's editors has been in Nassau this winter, as you have seen by the charming things he has written about the wonderful sights in the "beautiful Isle of June."

Of course, like all good travellers, he brought home many rare and curious

things, as well as some that are most convenient.

Among them was "The little Comforter," a most appropriate title, when all its possible uses are considered.

Our special artist furnishes a very pretty sketch of it, so you may all see how it looks, and copy it for yourselves if you choose.

In Nassau they are used to set the teacups on at the fashionable five o'clock teas.

They are also used to hold the pots containing large flowering plants.

But there is really no end to the purposes they may

serve, being just the thing to place beside the invalid's chair for the glass of water, the bowl of gruel, the book or magazine, or the very last number of COMFORT.

They can be carried to the piazza to hold the work-basket. They can be used for a seat, as they will slip into any corner, and take up no extra room.

They are just the sort of thing that every woman would like and can find a use for.

And this she may do easily. If she lives in the country, near the woods, she may get three natural pieces of wood, small branches of trees with the bark left on, have them sawed to the right length, about the height of an ordinary chair, get a piece of board cut in heart shape and fasten the legs to it. The rustic legs should be varnished, and the top may be finished in any way she chooses. It may be smoothed and polished to show the natural grain of the wood, and with the rustic legs this seems the most appropriate finish, or it may be painted in a floral design, upholstered with any material which the maker chooses, or it may have an ornamental cushion tied on by ribbons.

If it is impossible to get the rustic legs, you may use three inexpensive canes, or get the carpenter to turn you a set of legs. Or, if you are strong in the hands, you may take three discarded brooms, cut off the handles, sandpaper them to the requisite smoothness, and use them.

When the top is on, ebonize the stand, or finish it with white enamel paint. The result will be a very ornamental as well as useful bit of furniture.

I did not tell you what the top of the original one was, did I?

It was a palm-leaf fan from which the handle had been cut.

I hope you will all be ready to set to work in earnest to become prize winners in the coming contest in this department. I expect that we shall discover a great deal of artistic talent in this immense family of ours.

Remember one thing, it is not merely "Art for Art's sake," but there must be also the idea of utility.

BUSY BEE.

**BUST** Wrinkles and Complexion. 4 samples worth \$1.00 for 10¢. Stamps. QUEEN TOILET CO., Detroit, Mich.

**A BEAUTIFUL CRAZY** quilt of 500 sq. in., made with pkgs. of 60 splendid Silk pgs., asstd. bright colors. \$1.00 per package. \$1.00 per package. \$1.00 per package.

**CHASTENED** Light, soft rich colorings gained by Crystographs on your windows. Costs 20¢ per sq. ft. Easily applied. Samples for 2¢ stamp. THE CRYSTOGRAPH CO., 318 N. Broad Street, Phila.

**BABY CARRIAGES** Hammocks and Baby Jumpers. We manufacture and sell to anyone at factory prices. Delivered free in U.S. Catalogue free. C. T. WALKER & CO., 199 East North Ave., Chicago, Ill.

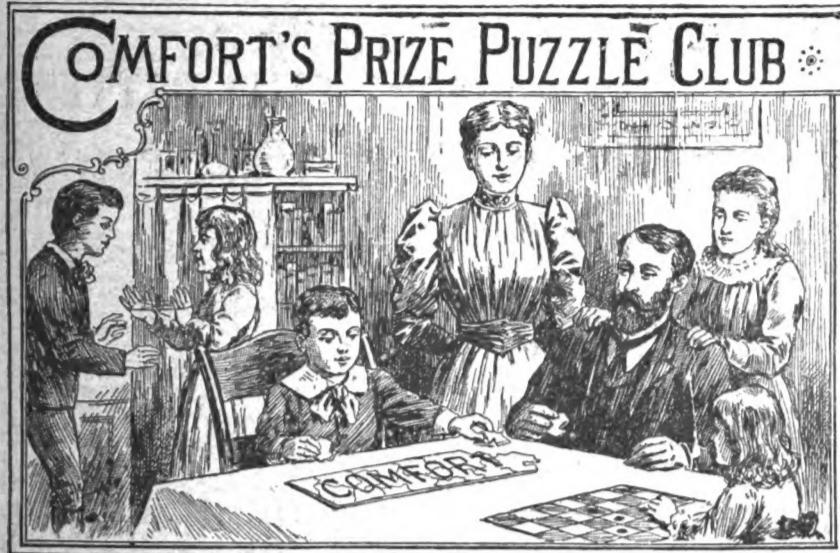
**PARKER'S HAIR BALM** Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50¢ and \$1.00 at Druggists.

**Newcomb Fly-Shuttle Rag Carpet LOOM** Weaves 100 yards per day. Catalogue free. C. H. NEWCOMB, 326 W. St. Davenport, Iowa.

**Beeman's Pepsin Gum.** CAUTION.—See that the name Beeman is on each wrapper.

The Perfection of Chewing Gum and a Delicious Remedy for Indigestion. Each tablet contains one grain Beeman's pure pepsin. Send 5 cents for sample package.





Correspondence in this department should be addressed to Oldcastle, Utica, N. Y. Correct name and address should accompany every communication, even when a *nom de plume* is used.

Full particulars in regard to the changes planned for this department—a mention of which was made in the March issue of *COMFORT*—will be printed here in the May issue. These changes will be most interesting to all subscribers, as they include large cash prizes for the most novel and original puzzles. The changes proposed make it advisable that this department should, like all of *COMFORT*'s other departments, be conducted from the home office. Therefore, all those interested in puzzles will take notice that the "Mystic Castle" will hereafter be known as "The Prize Puzzle Club," and that beginning with the May issue, and from that time on, all communications for it should be addressed Editor, Prize Puzzle Club, *COMFORT*, Augusta, Maine. All communications up to and including the April issue should be addressed as heretofore, Oldcastle, Utica, N. Y. All who have been interested in "The Mystic Circle" are sure to be more entertained by "The Prize Puzzle Club."

Readers having mastered *COMFORT*'s plan for the future of this department, can now sit down to solve the last tasks set them by "The Mystic Circle."

Solvers to January Mysteries:—"Doc," 12; W. E. Wiatt, 11; Rosabel, 10, 1-2; Waldemar, Miss Blanche Bancroft, 9; Egantine, 8, 1-2; Essay and Ypsie, 8; Frank, So So, Bob, 5; F. I. Don't, Thinker, 4, 1-2; Cowboy, Phil, Louie, Lomax, Phannie, Hope, Julia McKinley, Pen, Eureka, 4; Misses Josie and Daisy Bourjali, Tyro, 3; G. Whizz, 2; Miss Ida, George, 1.

Prize winners:—1. Doc, 2. W. E. Wiatt. 3. Rosabel. Specials:—1. Cowboy. 2. Phannie.

Accepted contributions:—Bourjali, Joan of Arc, W. E. Wiatt, 4; Lomax, 3; Aspiro, Tyro, Hi A. Watha, 2.

#### PRIZE WORD HUNT.

The following prizes will be awarded to the senders of the six largest lists of words found in the name, "Columbus," complying with the conditions given below.

1. A year's subscription to a fine monthly magazine.

2. A Splendid stamping outfit.

3. A nice book.

4. One year's subscription to *COMFORT*.

5. Webster's Handy Dictionary.

6. 100 Complete Stories.

An appropriate prize will be awarded, for the best appearing list outside of those winning the above prizes.

#### CONDITIONS.

1. Every competitor must be a yearly, paid up subscriber to *COMFORT*. If you are not a subscriber, now is a good time to send your subscription.

2. All words found in the main body of Webster's International Dictionary, are allowable.

3. Abbreviations, prefixes, suffixes, plurals, proper names, etc., are not allowable.

4. No letter can be used more than once in a word with the exception of the letter U, which appears twice in Columbus.

5. A word can be used but once no matter how many meanings it may have, but if it has two or more ways of being spelled, they will be credited if sanctioned by Webster.

6. Arrange words alphabetically, write with ink, on one side of the paper only; write name and address at head of list and number each word. Address to Oldcastle, Utica, N. Y.

7. In case of ties, lists first received will be given the preference.

Competition closes June 1. The result will be announced in July *COMFORT*.

#### SOLUTIONS TO JANUARY'S MYSTERIES.

No. 359. The "rail-splitter."

No. 360. Infinite.

No. (2) P LI PLUMMET INMANNE MAIAN ENAMEL TENENTS LT S

No. (2) X MAR DONET DUSTMEN MOSCHATEL XANTHOREAS REMARKERS TETHERS NEERS LAS S

No. 376. Whither, whither.

No. 380. RAMEAL A BOILLA MODELS ELEGIT ALLICE LAST ED

No. (3) HUSO UZEMA SENILE OMINATE ALARUM ETUDE EMEN

No. 377. Diana.

No. 378. "For we have seen his star in the east."

#### MYSTERIES.

No. 407. Numerical.

The 5, 4, 3, 6, 8, 9, 17, 16, 18, 11 is a high degree of respect.

The 12, 6, 21, 1, 19, 20, 22 is grave.

The 13, 14, 15, 2, 4, 7 is an article of food.

The 18, 10, 3, is a small but useful instrument.

The whole, composed of 22 letters, is an old proverb.

Washington, Pa., WILL.

No. 408. Hidden Proverb.

As falsehood counts not on the cost  
Of her misdeeds, let truth beware.  
The citadel shall be guarded be  
Against designs to make some snare,  
That would enchain her to your wish.  
I caution you, be free, beware.

San Francisco, Cal., OEDIPUS.

No. 409. Half Square.

1. Surveyed. 2. One ounce by ounce. 3. Critically surveyed. 4. One employed in the tin mines. 5. Species of deer. 6. A low word for after. 7. A cover.

8. A contraction. 9. A letter.

Norris City, Ill., ROY.

No. 400. Anagram.

A painter struck our town last week,  
And to each man for all did speak,  
But when it came to painting red,  
"I out stain anyone," he said.

Grafton, Ills., LOMAX.

No. 411. Square.

1. A fox of Northern Africa. 2. A State of the Union. 3. P. O. Macoupin Co., Ill. 4. Omitting. 5. Consisting of thin plates or layers. 6. Issuing forth. 7. Ornamental circlets.

Ridge, Oregon, ROKEYB.

No. 412. Square.

1. A Greek or Latin proper name. 2. A very hard stone. 3. Loose scales on stems of plants, (Bot.) 4. One who improves. 5. A fillet used in binding up wounds. 6. A whole number. 7. Those who look fixedly.

South Aeworth, N. H., TYRO.

No. 413. Enigma.

In me behold two spirits dwell,  
Weak is one and one is strong;  
But each as bloody a tale could tell,  
As found in prose or song.

A gentle stream, I onward flow,  
Oft yielding to control;  
But care not where my waters go,  
Except the drunkard's bowl.

I've heard the cannon's loudest roar,  
I've seen the bravest fall;  
While battling with a tyrant's power,  
To break a tyrant's thrall.

Again, a gallant ship I stand.  
And skim the ocean's wave;  
While bearing to his native land,  
The bravest of the brave.

Gloucester, C. H. Va., W. E. WIATT.

No. 414. Charade.

I  
The emblem I of man's disgrace,  
Hated alike of every race.  
Sometimes an ornament am I,  
And dearly prized by beauty's eye.

II.

At night when all is dark and still,  
I wander forth to do man ill.  
I strive for what he values most,  
Which he would save at any cost.

WHOLE.

I am the saddest sight to see!  
Good people oft have wept for me,  
Distressed that such a thing should be.

Richmond, Va., JOAN OF ARC.

No. 415. Rhomboid.

Across. 1. The act of giving way. 2. Noisy talkers. 3. Price paid for the conveyance of a letter. 4. Those who roof houses with slate. 5. Melancholy. 6. Places where gold is found. 7. Eminent skill.

Down. 1. A letter. 2. A child's name for father. 3. At the same time, (obs.) 4. A narrow piece of board. 5. To fix. 6. A rambler. 7. An oil obtained from castorume. 8. Enrolls. 9. To alarm. 10. Sedges, (obs.) 11. Anger. 12. A bone. 13. A letter. REMARDO.

PRIZES FOR SOLUTIONS.

1. For the best list, Mammoth Stamping Outfit. 2. Webster's Handy Dictionary. 3. *COMFORT* for one year.

Specials:—Two appropriate prizes will be awarded by lot among the rest of the solvers. Contest closes June 1. Solvers, solvers and prize winners in July *Mystic Castle*.

JOAN OF ARC.

MYSTIC CHAT.

The word-hunt contest is opened this month and we hope to have a hearty response from all.—Rosabel:—You have done well on your first trial.—Tyro:—One of the squares appears in this issue. The batch of cons you sent are fine.—Many new departments have been received, Oldcastle wishes to thank their respective editors for them.—All prizes awarded up to March 1 have been sent to the winners.—Geogebic:—Glad to hear from you.—Subscriptions to *COMFORT*, Augusta, Me., we are pleased to note the return of some of the "Krewe" who have been silent for a while. We would like to receive a list of solutions from each of the following old-timers: N. Igma, R. O. Chester, Lucile, Blanc, Chance, Thibise, Agricola, S. Payne, Sphinx, Calo, Nosneb Benson, Ignoramus, Solver, A. F. B., Harold, Art, Fishel, Fancy, Hercules, Ajax, Veritas, Ed Ward, Eugene, C. E. Bechtel, Ray, Sweet Lilac and Bill Queer.—Hope:—Your puzzles are not intricate enough. Try again.

Your Mystic Friend, OLDCASTLE.

#### A VALUABLE SECRET.

No woman, married or single, should neglect to send to The Tokene Company, 232 Devonshire Street, Boston, Mass., for a copy of the Tokene Booklet, issued for free presentation exclusively to women. Aside from being the most artistic pamphlet ever gotten up in America—its cover is lithographed in no less than twelve colors—it treats in a straightforward, common-sense manner, of an entirely new discovery which cannot but prove boon to the sex. It has absolutely nothing in common with patent medicines or novelty schemes, and the woman who fails to read it misses a secret which may bring her boundless happiness, and even save her life.

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## SPECIAL PREMIUM OFFERS FOR COMFORT.

### INDIAN BUCKSKIN MOCCASINS FOR BABY

Are all the craze! because they are the softest, warmest, handsomest and cutest little shoes ever made. Every mother buys them, and is delighted with them. Hundreds of testimonials received. Being beautifully embroidered and well made, they are a useful and beautiful gift. No more suffering and crying infants with deformed feet caused by wearing the stiff, ill-shaped shoes bought in the stores. With all the experiments for dress-reform and hygienic clothing, the foot-covering for babies has been very faulty. In spite of the truth that the INDIAN BUCKSKIN MOCCASIN makes a correct infant's shoe, a great number of our little tots are still left to endure the hard, rough, shoddy, old-time footwear. The moccasin is pliable and pleasant to the touch, and more lucky children will soon learn the comfort it gives. In order that you may have a chance to give them a trial on your own or someone's else baby, The Publishers of *COMFORT*, Augusta, Maine, have arranged to give a certain number of pairs away. All that is required, is for you to send a club of 4 yearly subscribers to *COMFORT* at 25c. each; they come from 3 to 6 inches in length. State size when ordering and if not convenient to secure a club now a sample pair will be forwarded postpaid for 75c., form the club and they will be sent perfectly free, all charges paid by *COMFORT* Publishers.

### A CHILD'S LOVE FOR A DOLL.

IT HAS OFTEN BEEN COMMENTED ON.—READ ALCUT THE NEW STYLE DOLLS.

Modern invention is always making startling improvements, and just brought out for the young people who live away from the large cities. We have just secured sale of a new kind of dolls that are absolutely indestructible, and we show you in this cut how they look; they are about 18 inches tall, and made of elegant colored goods. In getting this doll up we have overcome the great trouble of weight which has made a cost in the past when shipping by mail or express. These dolls are so constructed that you fill them with cotton, hair, or swardust, sewing them up after receiving; it takes but a few minutes to do this, and you save nearly one dollar, and get a pretty substantial doll for almost nothing. They will last for years and be a joy forever to any miss who desires a *holland doll* as nice as her own sweet self.

To introduce these goods at once, and add another million to "COMFORT's" eleven hundred thousand circulation, we will send one doll absolutely free (all charges paid by us) to every three-months' trial subscriber enclosing 15 cents; two subs. and two dolls 25 cents; for 50 cents. Many make money selling these dolls. Send one dollar for twelve, and try it.

Address MORSE & CO., Box 235 Augusta, Maine.

### PEOPLE BUY THEM BY THE HUNDREDS.

In ordering the second lot here is what one lady says:

15 Concert St., Keokuk, Iowa.

MORSE & CO., SIRS:—Dolls received. Enclosed find money order, for which send me fifty (50) more of your indestructible dolls, express paid. Please send soon as you can, as I already have orders for a number of them. Mothers and children seem equally delighted with the dolls.

Respy, MRS. W. H. FOUTS.

### JUST THE THING FOR CHURCH FAIRS.

Rich Hill, Missouri, Nov. 29th, 1892.

MORSE & CO., GENTLEMEN:—Some time ago I sent an order to you for the *Comfort* and two Dolls, which I received. Finding them just as advertised I now enclose you an order for \$5.00, for which send me Dolls to that amount.

The ladies of the M. E. Church wish to raise money that we have pledged for the new church (now being erected) and think we can make something on the Dolls. Send promptly if you please, as we wish to begin work at once, having an entertainment coming on very soon.

MRS. J. E. SIMCOSKY.

### 99 PATTERNS AND MANUAL FREE OF INSTRUCTIONS LATEST STAMPING OUTFIT.

WE HAVE 99 PATTERNS AND 1000 STAMPS FOR FREE.

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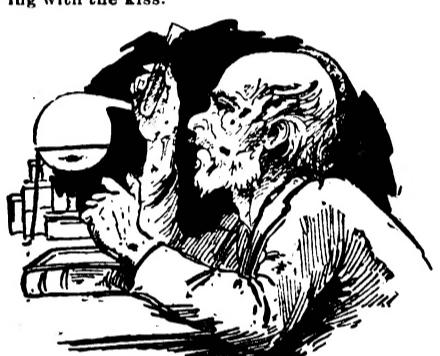


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AND now comes an alleged Ohio professor with the startling announcement that kissing is unhealthy! He insists that it is the means of transmitting disease germs from lip to lip, and that the kiss must go.

The world might as well be brought to an end at once; and isn't it about time for these so-called scientists to be sat upon and squelched? Not content with frightening folks into the belief that the food we eat is freighted with nine-jointed

microbes, that the water we drink is alive with deadly germs, and the very air we breathe is laden with fatal miasmas, these microscopic mischief-makers have actually begun monkeying with the kiss.



ANALYZING A KISS.

For centuries upon centuries this tenderest token of love has been gladly accepted the world over at its face value, and now, when at this late day a man comes forward and questions its entire healthiness, he ought to be given a place in the Agricultural Department in Washington, with instructions to write a treatise on the relative kicking powers of a Kentucky mule and a Dakota grasshopper.

There are, of course, kisses and kisses, but to borrow the language of a poet who has gone before: Just imagine a divine girl with real warm blood glowing in every vein, the flush of health on her glorious upturned face, her rosy lips protruding in the slightest possible poutlet and her whole attitude meaning expectancy and waiting, and then fancy how that ripe, tender mouth would re-echo the spontaneous outpouring of pent-up emotions! Fancy how such a kiss would fairly melt the gold-filling in your tooth, and then tell the little lady, if you can, that you must decline with thanks, because you are afraid of germs!

**THE ZERO KISS.** Microbes be hanged! No such thing as a microbe could survive the kiss of love's young dream any more than it can outlive the chill of the sewing circle kiss; and if this buck-eye philosopher really discovered anything about kissing, it must be that he tried to make love to the cook, and got what he deserved.

**THE UNHEALTHY KISS.** The kiss came to stay.

Miss Gussie Granger of Mercury Meadows, Georgia, writes:

"I am a highly ambitious girl whose family have seen better days before the war, and as there are no opportunities for typewriters of my sex in this lonely solitude, I have long cherished the hope that I might secure a government position in Washington, and thus occupy that station in life to which my birth and breeding entitle me. Cruel fate seemed to have ordained otherwise, but now that Mr. Hoke Smith of this State has been called into the cabinet, my star of hope leads me to ask your valuable advice. Would you go right on to Washington, or would you write a letter first? Our store-keeper, who is also postmaster, thinks I will have to sit for a civil service examination, but papa says that is all nonsense as I am not a mugwump. I shall be awfully disappointed if I must, for I have already had a costly new traveling suit made. And will you tell me what sort of questions they ask? I have written quite a lot of poetry and am called bright and vivacious, and would strive to please. If I cannot get a position in Mr. Smith's cabinet office, perhaps he will get me a place in the White House. How do you like my style?"

**SCOTT STAMP & CO., LTD.** 18 East 23rd St., New York, N. Y. Largest dealers in the World in postage stamps and coins. Illustrated 52 page price list free. List of all United States coins worth a premium—10c. post free. Highest prices paid for all kinds of postage stamps.

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